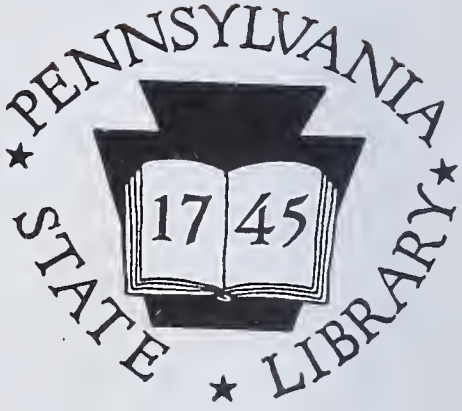
STATE LIBRARY OF PENNSYLVANIA
main,stks 821M786
Poetical works of Thomas Moore

0 0001 00381803 4

S
821
M76
v.1



PISL-14
50M 5-66

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTIO

STATE LIBRARY
HARRISBURG

In case of failure to return the books the borrower
original price of the same, or to replace them with
last borrower is held responsible for any mutilation.
Return this book on or before the last date stam

Painted by Sir Thos Lawrence *Engraved by Tha^s Heath*

Thomas Moore

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE

VOL. I.

Drawn by Geo. Jones R.A. Engraved by Alf.d Heath

"A Hive of celestial shape,
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape!"
from the 10th Ode of Anacreon.

London, Published 1840, by Longman, Orme & Co.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

ODES OF ANACREON.
JUVENILE POEMS.

PENN STATE LIBRARY

LONDON:
LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1840.

S
821
M786
v.1

TO THE

MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF

NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE

AND FRIENDSHIP,

THESE VOLUMES

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH THE SINCEREST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION

AND RESPECT,

BY

THOMAS MOORE.

84184

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
[illegible] project is made possible by a grant from the Institute of Museum and Library Services as administered by the Pennsylvania Department [illegible] ation [illegible] h the Office [illegible] -ath Libraries

https://arc[illegible]g/details/[illegible]atwork00moo[illegible]

PREFACE.

FINDING it to be the wish of my Publishers that at least the earlier volumes of this collection should each be accompanied by some prefatory matter, illustrating, by a few biographical memoranda, the progress of my humble literary career, I have consented, though not, I confess, without some scruple and hesitation, to comply with their request. In no country is there so much curiosity felt respecting the interior of the lives of public men as in England; but, on the other hand, in no country is he who ventures to tell his own story so little safe from the imputation of vanity and self-display.

The whole of the poems contained in the first,

as well as in the greater part of the second, volume of this collection were written between the sixteenth and the twenty-third year of the author's age. But I had begun still earlier, not only to rhyme but to publish. A sonnet to my schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in my fourteenth year, appeared at the time in a Dublin magazine, called the Anthologia, — the first, and, I fear, almost only, creditable attempt in periodical literature of which Ireland has to boast. I had even at an earlier period (1793) sent to this magazine two short pieces of verse, prefaced by a note to the editor, requesting the insertion of the "following attempts of a youthful muse;" and the fear and trembling with which I ventured upon this step were agreeably dispelled, not only by the appearance of the contributions, but still more by my finding myself, a few months after, hailed as "Our esteemed correspondent, T. M."

It was in the pages of this publication, — where the whole of the poem was extracted, —

that I first met with the Pleasures of Memory; and to this day, when I open the volume of the Anthologia which contains it, the very form of the type and colour of the paper brings back vividly to my mind the delight with which I first read that poem.

My schoolmaster, Mr. Whyte, though amusingly vain, was a good and kind-hearted man; and, as a teacher of public reading and elocution, had long enjoyed considerable reputation. Nearly thirty years before I became his pupil, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, then about eight or nine years of age, had been placed by Mrs. Sheridan under his care*; and, strange to say, was, after about a year's trial, pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be "an incorrigible dunce." Among those who took lessons from him as private pupils were several young ladies

* Some confused notion of this fact has led the writer of a Memoir prefixed to the "Pocket Edition" of my Poems, printed at Zwickau, to state that Brinsley Sheridan was my tutor!—"Great attention was paid to his education by his tutor, Sheridan."

of rank, belonging to those great Irish families who still continued to lend to Ireland the enlivening influence of their presence, and made their country-seats, through a great part of the year, the scenes of refined as well as hospitable festivity. The Miss Montgomerys, to whose rare beauty the pencil of Sir Joshua has given immortality, were among those whom my worthy preceptor most boasted of as pupils; and, I remember, his description of them long haunted my boyish imagination, as though they were not earthly women, but some spiritual "creatures of the element."

About thirty or forty years before the period of which I am speaking, an eager taste for private theatrical performances had sprung up among the higher ranks of society in Ireland; and at Carton, the seat of the Duke of Leinster, at Castletown, Marley, and other great houses, private plays were got up, of which, in most instances, the superintendence was entrusted to Mr. Whyte, and in general the pro-

logue, or the epilogue, contributed by his pen. At Marley, the seat of the Latouches, where the masque of Comus was performed in the year 1776, while my old master supplied the prologue, no less distinguished a hand than that of our "ever-glorious Grattan*," furnished the epilogue. This relic of his pen, too, is the more memorable, as being, I believe, the only poetical composition he was ever known to produce.

At the time when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils. In this line I was long his favourite *show*-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of

* Byron.

the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St. Paul's,* Master Moore."

With acting, indeed, is associated the very first attempt at verse-making to which my memory enables me to plead guilty. It was at a period, I think, even earlier than the date last mentioned, that, while passing the summer holidays, with a number of other young people, at one of those bathing-places, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, which afford such fresh and healthful retreats to its inhabitants, it was proposed among us that we should combine together in some theatrical performance; and the Poor Soldier and a Harlequin Pantomime being the entertainments agreed upon, the parts of Patrick and the Motley hero fell to my share. I was also encouraged to write and recite an appropriate epilogue on the occasion; and the following lines, alluding to our speedy return to school, and remarkable only for their having lived so long in my memory, formed part of this juvenile effort: —

Our Pantaloon, who did so aged look,
Must now resume his youth, his task, his book:
Our Harlequin, who skipp'd, laugh'd, danc'd and died,
Must now stand trembling by his master's side.

I have thus been led back, step by step, from an early date to one still earlier, with the view of ascertaining, for those who take any interest in literary biography, at what period I first showed an aptitude for the now common craft of verse-making; and the result is — so far back in childhood lies the epoch — that I am really unable to say at what age I first began to act, sing, and rhyme.

To these different talents, such as they were, the gay and social habits prevailing in Dublin afforded frequent opportunities of display; while, at home, a most amiable father, and a mother such as in heart and head has rarely been equalled, furnished me with that purest stimulus to exertion — the desire to please those whom we, at once, most love and most respect. It was, I think, a year or two after my entrance into college, that a masque written by myself,

and of which I had adapted one of the songs to the air of Haydn's Spirit-Song, was acted, under our own humble roof in Aungier Street, by my elder sister, myself, and one or two other young persons. The little drawing-room over the shop was our grand place of representation, and young ——, now an eminent professor of music in Dublin, enacted for us the part of orchestra at the piano-forte.

It will be seen from all this, that, however imprudent and premature was my first appearance in the London world as an author, it is only lucky that I had not much earlier assumed that responsible character; in which case the public would probably have treated my nursery productions in much the same manner in which that sensible critic, my Uncle Toby, would have disposed of the "work which the great Lipsius produced on the day he was born."

While thus the turn I had so early shown for rhyme and song was, by the gay and soci-

able circle in which I lived, called so encouragingly into play, a far deeper feeling — and, I should hope, power — was at the same time awakened in me by the mighty change then working in the political aspect of Europe, and the stirring influence it had begun to exercise on the spirit and hopes of Ireland. Born of Catholic parents, I had come into the world with the slave's yoke around my neck; and it was all in vain that the fond ambition of a mother looked forward to the Bar as opening a career that might lead her son to affluence and honour. Against the young Papist all such avenues to distinction were closed; and even the University, the professed source of public education, was to him "a fountain sealed." Can any one now wonder that a people thus trampled upon should have hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand. I remember being taken by my father (1792) to one of the

dinners given in honour of that great event, and sitting upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round:—"May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure."

In a few months after was passed the memorable Act of 1793, sweeping away some of the most monstrous of the remaining sanctions of the penal code; and I was myself among the first of the young Helots of the land, who hastened to avail themselves of the new privilege of being educated in their country's university,—though still excluded from all share in those college honours and emoluments by which the ambition of the youths of the ascendant class was stimulated and rewarded. As I well knew that, next to my attaining some of these distinctions, my showing that I *deserved* to attain them would most gratify my anxious mother, I entered as candidate for a scholarship, and (as far as the result of the examination went) successfully. But, of course, the mere

barren credit of the effort was all I enjoyed for my pains.

It was in this year (1794), or about the beginning of the next, that I remember having, for the first time, tried my hand at political satire. In their very worst times of slavery and suffering, the happy disposition of my countrymen had kept their cheerfulness still unbroken and buoyant; and, at the period of which I am speaking, the hope of a brighter day dawning upon Ireland had given to the society of the middle classes in Dublin a more than usual flow of hilarity and life. Among other gay results of this festive spirit, a club, or society, was instituted by some of our most convivial citizens, one of whose objects was to burlesque, good-humouredly, the forms and pomps of royalty. With this view they established a sort of mock kingdom, of which Dalkey, a small island near Dublin, was made the seat, and an eminent pawnbroker, named Stephen Armitage, much renowned for

his agreeable singing, was the chosen and popular monarch.

Before public affairs had become too serious for such pastime, it was usual to celebrate, yearly, at Dalkey, the day of this sovereign's accession; and, among the gay scenes that still live in my memory, there are few it recalls with more freshness than the celebration, on a fine Sunday in summer, of one of these anniversaries of King Stephen's coronation. The picturesque sea-views from that spot, the gay crowds along the shores, the innumerable boats, full of life, floating about, and, above all, that true spirit of mirth which the Irish temperament never fails to lend to such meetings, rendered the whole a scene not easily forgotten. The state ceremonies of the day were performed, with all due gravity, within the ruins of an ancient church that stands on the island, where his mock majesty bestowed the order of knighthood upon certain favoured personages, and among others, I recollect, upon Incledon, the cele-

brated singer, who arose from under the touch of the royal sword with the appropriate title of Sir Charles Melody. There was also selected, for the favours of the crown on that day, a lady of no ordinary poetic talent, Mrs. Battier, who had gained much fame by some spirited satires in the manner of Churchill, and whose kind encouragement of my early attempts in versification were to me a source of much pride. This lady, as was officially announced, in the course of the day, had been appointed his majesty's poetess laureate, under the style and title of Henrietta, Countess of Laurel.

There could hardly be devised a more apt vehicle for lively political satire than this gay travesty of monarchical power, and its showy appurtenances, so temptingly supplied. The very day, indeed, after this commemoration, there appeared, in the usual record of Dalkey state intelligence, an amusing proclamation from the king, offering a large reward

in *cronebanes**, to the finder or finders of his majesty's crown, which, owing to his "having measured both sides of the road" in his pedestrian progress from Dalkey on the preceding night, had unluckily fallen from the royal brow.

It is not to be wondered at, that whatever natural turn I may have possessed for the lighter skirmishing of satire should have been called into play by so pleasant a field for its exercise as the state affairs of the Dalkey kingdom afforded; and, accordingly, my first attempt in this line was an Ode to his Majesty, King Stephen, contrasting the happy state of security in which he lived among his merry lieges, with the "metal coach," and other such precautions against mob violence, said to have been adopted at that time by his royal brother of England. Some portions of this juvenile squib still live in my memory; but they fall

* Irish halfpence, so called.

far too short of the lively demands of the subject to be worth preserving, even as juvenilia.

In college, the first circumstance that drew any attention to my rhyming powers was my giving in a theme, in English verse, at one of the quarterly examinations. As the sort of short essays required on those occasions were considered, in general, as a mere matter of form, and were written, at that time, I believe, invariably, in Latin prose, the appearance of a theme in English verse could hardly fail to attract some notice. It was, therefore, with no small anxiety that, when the moment for judging of the themes arrived, I saw the examiners of the different divisions assemble, as usual, at the bottom of the hall for that purpose. Still more trying was it when I perceived that the reverend inquisitor, in whose hands was my fate, had left the rest of the awful group, and was bending his steps towards the table where I was seated. Leaning across to me, he asked suspiciously, whether the verses which I had just given in were my own;

and, on my answering in the affirmative, added these cheering words, "They do you great credit; and I shall not fail to recommend them to the notice of the Board." This result of a step, ventured upon with some little fear and scruple, was of course very gratifying to me; and the premium I received from the Board was a well-bound copy of the Travels of Anacharsis, together with a certificate, stating, in not very lofty Latin, that this reward had been conferred upon me, "propter laudabilem in versibus componendis progressum."

The idea of attempting a version of some of the Songs or Odes of Anacreon had very early occurred to me; and a specimen of my first ventures in this undertaking may be found in the Dublin Magazine already referred to, where, in the number of that work for February, 1794, appeared a "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode, by T. Moore." As it may not be uninteresting to future and better translators of the poet to compare this schoolboy experiment

with my later and more laboured version of the same ode, I shall here extract the specimen found in the Anthologia: —

" Let us, with the clustering vine,
The rose, Love's blushing flower, entwine.
Fancy's hand our chaplets wreathing,
Vernal sweets around us breathing,
We'll gaily drink, full goblets quaffing,
At frighted Care securely laughing.

" Rose! thou balmy-scented flower,
Rear'd by Spring's most fostering power,
Thy dewy blossoms, opening bright,
To gods themselves can give delight;
And Cypria's child, with roses crown'd,
Trips with each Grace the mazy round,

" Bind my brows, — I'll tune the lyre.
Love my rapturous strains shall fire.
Near Bacchus' grape-encircled shrine,
While roses fresh my brows entwine.
Led by the winged train of Pleasures,
I'll dance with nymphs to sportive measures."

In pursuing further this light task, the only object I had for some time in view was to lay before the Board a select number of the odes I had then translated, with a hope, — suggested by the kind encouragement I had

already received,—that they might consider them as deserving of some honour or reward. Having experienced much hospitable attention from Doctor Kearney, one of the senior fellows *, a man of most amiable character, as well as of refined scholarship, I submitted to his perusal the manuscript of my translation as far as it had then proceeded, and requested his advice respecting my intention of laying it before the Board. On this latter point his opinion was such as, with a little more thought, I might have anticipated, namely, that he did not see how the Board of the University could lend their sanction, by any public reward, to writings of so convivial and amatory a nature as were almost all those of Anacreon. He very good-naturedly, however, lauded my translation, and advised me to complete and publish it. I was also indebted to him for the use, during my task, of Spaletti's curious publication, giving a facsimile of those pages of a MS. in the

* Appointed Provost of the University in the year 1799, and made afterwards Bishop of Ossory.

Vatican Library which contain the Odes, or "Symposiacs," attributed to Anacreon. * And here I shall venture to add a few passing words on a point which I once should have thought it profanation to question,—the authenticity of these poems. The cry raised against their genuineness by Robertellus and other enemies of Henry Stephen, when that eminent scholar first introduced them to the learned world, may be thought to have long since entirely subsided, leaving their claim to so ancient

* When the monument to Provost Baldwin, which stands in the hall of the College of Dublin, arrived from Italy, there came in the same packing-case with it two copies of this work of Spaletti, one of which was presented by Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic archbishop, as a gift from the Pope to the Library of the University, and the other (of which I was subsequently favoured with the use) he presented, in like manner, to my friend, Dr. Kearney. Thus, curiously enough, while Anacreon *in English* was considered—and, I grant, on no unreasonable grounds — as a work to which grave collegiate authorities could not openly lend their sanction, Anacreon *in Greek* was thought no unfitting present to be received by a Protestant bishop, through the medium of a Catholic archbishop, from the hands of his holiness, the Pope.

a paternity safe and unquestioned. But I am forced to confess, however reluctantly, that there appear to me strong grounds for pronouncing these light and beautiful lyrics to be merely modern fabrications. Some of the reasons that incline me to adopt this unwelcome conclusion are thus clearly stated by the same able scholar, to whom I am indebted for the emendations of my own juvenile Greek ode:—"I do not see how it is possible, if Anacreon had written chiefly in Iambic dimeter verse, that Horace should have wholly neglected that metre. I may add that, of those fragments of Anacreon, of whose genuineness, from internal evidence, there can be no doubt, almost all are written in one or other of the lighter Horatian metres, and scarcely one in Iambic dimeter verse. This may be seen by looking through the list in Fischer."

The unskilful attempt at Greek verse from my own pen, which is found prefixed to the Translation, was intended originally to illustrate a

picture, representing Anacreon conversing with the Goddess of Wisdom, from which the frontispiece to the first edition of the work was taken. Had I been brought up with a due fear of the laws of prosody before my eyes, I certainly should not have dared to submit so untutored a production to the criticism of the trained prosodians of the English schools. At the same time, I cannot help adding that, as far as music, distinct from metre, is concerned, I am much inclined to prefer the ode as originally written to its present corrected shape; and that, at all events, I entertain but very little doubt as to *which* of the two a composer would most willingly set to music.

For the means of collecting the materials of the notes appended to the Translation, I was chiefly indebted to an old library adjoining St. Patrick's Cathedral, called, from the name of the archbishop who founded it, Marsh's Library. Through my acquaintance with the deputy librarian, the Rev. Mr. Cradock, I enjoyed the

privilege of constant access to this collection, even at that period of the year when it is always closed to the public. On these occasions I used to be locked in there alone; and to the many solitary hours which, both at the time I am now speaking of and subsequently, I passed in hunting through the dusty tomes of this old library, I owe much of that odd and out-of-the-way sort of reading which may be found scattered through some of my earlier writings.

Early in the year 1799, while yet in my nineteenth year, I left Ireland, for the first time, and proceeded to London, with the two not very congenial objects, of keeping my terms at the Middle Temple, and publishing, by subscription, my Translation of Anacreon. One of those persons to whom, through the active zeal of friends, some part of my manuscript had been submitted before it went to press, was Doctor Laurence, the able friend of Burke; and, as an instance, however slight, of that

ready variety of learning, as well the lightest as the most solid, for which Laurence was so remarkable, the following extract from the letter written by him, in returning the manuscript to my friend Dr. Hume, may not be without some interest: —

" Dec. 20. 1799.

" I return you the four odes which you were so kind to communicate for my poor opinion. They are, in many parts, very elegant and poetical; and, in some passages, Mr. Moore has added a pretty turn not to be found in the original. To confess the truth, however, they are, in not a few places, rather more paraphrastical than suits my notion (perhaps an incorrect notion) of translation.

" In the fifty-third ode there is, in my judgment, a no less sound than beautiful emendation suggested — would you suppose it? — by a Dutch lawyer. Mr. M. possibly may not be aware of it. I have endeavoured to express

the sense of it in a couplet interlined with pencil. Will you allow me to add, that I am not certain whether the translation has not missed the meaning, too, in the former part of that passage which seems to me to intend a distinction and climax of pleasure: — 'It is sweet even to prove it among the briery paths; it is sweet again, plucking, to cherish with tender hands, and carry to the fair, the flower of love.' This is nearly literal, including the conjectural correction of Mynheer Medenbach. If this be right, instead of

'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,'

I would propose something to this effect: —

'Tis sweet the rich perfume to prove,
As by the dewy bush you rove;
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid beauty thence,
To wipe with tender hands away
The tears that on its blushes lay*;
Then, to the bosom of the fair,
The flower of love in triumph bear.

* "Query, if it ought not to be *lie?* The line might run,

With tender hand the tears to brush,
That give new softness to its blush (or, its flush).

"I would *drop* altogether the image of the stems '*dropping with gems.*' I believe it is a confused and false metaphor, unless the painter should take the figure of Aurora from Mrs. Hastings.

"There is another emendation of the same critic, in the following line, which Mr. M. may seem, by accident, to have sufficiently expressed in the phrase of 'roses shed their *light.*'

"I scribble this in very great haste, but fear that you and Mr. Moore will find me too long, minute, and impertinent. Believe me to be, very sincerely,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"F. Laurence."

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

ODES OF ANACREON.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE, WITH NOTES.

Page

DEDICATION TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES 3

ADVERTISEMENT 5

INDEX TO THE ODES 7

AN ODE BY THE TRANSLATOR 11

CORRECTIONS OF THE PRECEDING ODE, SUGGESTED BY AN EMINENT GREEK SCHOLAR 13

REMARKS ON ANACREON 17

ODES.

I. I saw the smiling bard of pleasure . . . 41

II. Give me the harp of epic song . . . 44

III. Listen to the Muse's lyre 46

IV. Vulcan! hear your glorious task . . . 47

V. Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul . . 49

VI. As late I sought the spangled bowers . . 52

VII. The women tell me every day . . . 54

		Page
VIII.	I care not for the idle state	56
IX.	I pray thee, by the gods above	59
X.	How am I to punish thee	61
XI.	"Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee	63
XII.	They tell how Atys, wild with love	65
XIII.	I will, I will, the conflict's past	67
XIV.	Count me, on the summer trees	70
XV.	Tell me, why, my sweetest dove	76
XVI.	Thou, whose soft and rosy hues	80
XVII.	And now with all thy pencil's truth	86
XVIII.	Now the star of day is high	92
XIX.	Here recline you, gentle maid	95
XX.	One day the Muses twin'd the hands	97
XXI.	Observe when mother earth is dry	100
XXII.	The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm	102
XXIII.	I often wish this languid lyre	106
XXIV.	To all that breathe the air of heaven	109
XXV.	Once in each revolving year	112
XXVI.	Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms	115
XXVII.	We read the flying courser's name	117
XXVIII.	As, by his Lemnian forge's flame	119
XXIX.	Yes — loving is a painful thrill	122
XXX.	'Twas in a mocking dream of night	126
XXXI.	Arm'd with hyacinthine rod	127
XXXII.	Strew me a fragrant bed of leaves	130
XXXIII.	'Twas noon of night, when round the pole	133
XXXIV.	Oh thou, of all creation blest	136
XXXV.	Cupid once upon a bed	139
XXXVI.	If hoarded gold possess'd the power	142

		Page
XXXVII.	'Twas night, and many a circling bowl	144
XXXVIII.	Let us drain the nectar'd bowl	147
XXXIX.	How I love the festive boy	150
XL.	I know that Heaven hath sent me here	151
XLI.	When Spring adorns the dewy scene	153
XLII.	Yes, be the glorious revel mine	154
XLIII.	While our rosy fillets shed	156
XLIV.	Buds of roses, virgin flowers	159
XLV.	Within this goblet, rich and deep	161
XLVI.	See the young, the rosy Spring	162
XLVII.	'Tis true, my fading years decline	165
XLVIII.	When my thirsty soul I steep	167
XLIX.	When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy	169
L.	When wine I quaff, before my eyes	171
LI.	Fly not thus my brow of snow	175
LII.	Away, away, ye men of rules	177
LIII.	When I behold the festive train	180
LIV.	Methinks, the pictur'd bull we see	182
LV.	While we invoke the wreathed spring	184
LVI.	He, who instructs the youthful crew	191
LVII.	Whose was the artist hand that spread	193
LVIII.	When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion	197
LIX.	Ripen'd by the solar beam	201
LX.	Awake to life, my sleeping shell	203
LXI.	Youth's endearing charms are fled	208
LXII.	Fill me, boy, as deep a draught	210
LXIII.	To Love, the soft and blooming child	212
LXIV.	Haste thee, nymph, whose well-aimed spear	213

		Page
LXV.	Like some wanton filly sporting	215
LXVI.	To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine	217
LXVII.	Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn	220
LXVIII.	Now Neptune's month our sky deforms	221
LXIX.	They wove the lotus band to deck	222
LXX.	A broken cake, with honey sweet	223
LXXI.	With twenty chords my lyre is hung	224
LXXII.	Fare thee well, perfidious maid	225
LXXIII.	Awhile I bloom'd, a happy flower	226
LXXIV.	Monarch Love, resistless boy	227
LXXV.	Spirit of Love, whose locks unroll'd	228
LXXVI.	Hither, gentle Muse of mine	230
LXXVII.	Would that I were a tuneful lyre	231
LXXVIII.	When Cupid sees how thickly now	232

Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray	233
Let me resign this wretched breath	233
I know thou lov'st a brimming measure	234
I fear that love disturbs my rest	234
From dread Leucadia's frowning steep	235
Mix me, child, a cup divine	235

EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA.

Notice	237
Αντιπατρου Σιδωνιου, εις Ανακρεοντα	239
Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον	242
Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον	245
Του αυτου, εις τον αυτον	248

JUVENILE POEMS.

	Page
PREFACE, BY THE EDITOR	253
DEDICATION TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.	263
Fragments of College Exercises	265
Is there no call, no consecrating cause	267
Variety	268
To a Boy, with a Watch. Written for a friend	269
Song	271
To	273
Song	276
Song	278
Reuben and Rose. A tale of romance	279
Did not	283
To	284
To Mrs. . . . . , on some calumnies against her character	285
Anacreontic	287
To	288
To Julia, in allusion to some illiberal criticisms	289
To Julia	291
The Shrine. To	292
To a Lady, with some manuscript Poems, on leaving the country	293
To Julia	295
To	297
Nature's Labels. A fragment	299
To Julia. On her birthday	302

	Page
A Reflection at Sea	303
Cloris and Fanny	304
The Shield	305
To Julia, weeping	307
Dreams. To	308
To Rosa. Written during illness	311
Song	313
The Sale of Loves	314
To	317
To	319
On the Death of a Lady	321
Inconstancy	322
The Natal Genius. A dream. To ., the morning of her birthday	323
Elegiac Stanzas, supposed to be written by Julia, on the death of her brother	325
To the large and beautiful Miss ., in allusion to some partnership in a lottery share. Impromptu	328
A Dream	329
To	330
Anacreontic	331
To Julia	333
Hymn of a Virgin of Delphi, at the tomb of her mother	334
Sympathy. To Julia	337
The Tear	338
The Snake	339
To Rosa	341
Elegiac Stanzas	342
Love and Marriage	343

Page

Anacreontic 345

The Surprise 346

To Miss . . . . ., on her asking the author why she had sleepless nights 347

The Wonder 349

Lying 350

Anacreontic 352

ODES

OF

ANACREON

TRANSLATED

INTO ENGLISH VERSE:

WITH

NOTES.

TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR,

IN allowing me to dedicate this Work to Your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly: and I have only to regret, that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me, SIR,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be necessary to mention, that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index, which marks the number of each Ode in Barnes and the other editions.

INDEX.

ODE		BARNES.
1.	ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ *ιδων με* . . .	63.
2.	*Δοτε μοι λυρην Ὁμηρου* . . .	48.
3.	*Αγε, ζωγραφων αριστε* . . .	49.
4.	*Τον αργυρον τορευων* . . .	17.
5.	*Καλλιτεχνα μοι τορευσον* . . .	18.
6.	*Στεφος πλεκων ποθ' εὑρον* . . .	59.
7.	*Λεγουσιν αἱ γυναικες* . . .	11
8.	*Ου μοι μελει τα Γυγου* . . .	15.
9.	*Αφες με τους Θεους σοι* . . .	31.
10.	*Τι σοι Θελεις ποιησω* . . .	12.
11.	*Ερωτα κηρινον τις*	10.
12.	*Οἱ μεν καλην Κυβηβην* . . .	13.
13.	*Θελω, Θελω φιλησαι*	14.
14.	*Ει φυλλα παντα δενδρων* . . .	32.
15.	*Ερασμιη πελεια*	9.

ODE		BARNES.
16.	Αγε, ζωγραφων αριστε . . .	28.
17.	Γραφε μοι Βαθυλλον ὑτω . . .	29.
18.	Δοτε μοι, δοτε γυναικες . . .	21
19.	Παρα την σκιην, Βαθυλλε . . .	22.
20.	Αἱ Μουσαι τον Ερωτα . . .	30.
21.	Ἡ γη μελαινα πινει	19.
22.	Ἡ Ταναλου ποτ' εστη . . .	20.
23.	Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας . . .	1
24.	Φυσις κερατα ταυροις . . .	2.
25.	Συ μεν φιλη χελιδων . . .	33.
26.	Συ μεν λεγεις τα Θηβης . . .	16.
27.	Ει ισχιοις μεν ἱπποι . . .	53.
28.	Ὁ ανηρ ὁ της Κυθηρης . . .	45.
29.	Χαλεπον το μη φιλησαι . . .	46.
30.	Εδοκουν οναρ τροχαζειν . . .	44.
31.	Ὑακινθινω με ῥαβδω . . .	7.
32.	Επι μυρσιναις τερειναις . . .	4.
33.	Μεσονυκτιοις ποθ ὡραις . . .	3.
34.	Μακαριζομεν σε, τεττιξ . . .	43.
35.	Ερως ποτ' εν ῥοδοισι . . .	40.
36.	Ὁ πλουτος ειγε χρυσου . . .	23.
37.	Δια νυκτος εγκαθευδων . . .	8.
38.	Ἱλαροι πιωμεν οινον	41.

ODE		BARNES.
39.	Φιλω γεροντα τερπνον . . .	47.
40.	Επειδη βροτος ετυχθην . . .	24.
41.	Τι καλον εστι βαδιζειν . . .	66.
42.	Ποθεω μεν Διονυσου . . .	42.
43.	Στεφανους μεν κροταφοισι . . .	6.
44.	Το ῥοδον το των ερωτων . . .	5.
45.	Ὁταν πινω τον οινον . . .	25.
46.	Ιδε, πως ἑαρος φανεντος . . .	37.
47.	Εγω γερων μεν ειμι	38.
48.	Ὁταν ὁ Βακχος εισελθη . . .	26.
49.	Του Διος ὁ παις Βακχος . . .	27.
50.	Ὁτ' εγω πιω τον οινον . . .	39.
51.	Μη με φυγης ορωσα	34.
52.	Τι με τους νομους διδασκεις . .	36.
53.	Ὁτ' εγω νεων ὁμιλον . .	54.
54.	Ὁ ταυρος οὑτος, ω παι . . .	35.
55.	Στεφανηφορου μετ' Ηρος . . .	51.
56.	Ὁ τον εν πονοις ατειρη . . .	50.
57.	Αρα τις τορευσε ποντον . . .	49.
58.	Ὁ δραπετης ὁ χρυσος . . .	66.
59.	Τον μελανοχρωτα βοτρυν . . .	52.
60.	Ανα βαρβιτον δονησω . . .	64.

* * * * *

ODE		BARNES.
61.	Πολιοι μεν ἡμιν ηδη . . .	56.
62.	Αγε δη, φερ' ἡμιν, ω παι . .	57.
63.	Τον Ερωτα γαρ τον ἁβρον . . .	58.
64.	Γουνουμαι σ' ελαφηβολε . . .	60.
65.	Πωλε Θρηκιη, τι δη με . . .	61.
66.	Θεαων ανασσα, Κυπρι . . .	62.
67.	Ω παι παρθενιον βλεπων . . .	67.
68.	Εγω δ' ουτ' αν Αμαλθειης . . .	68.

For the order of the rest, see the Notes.

AN ODE

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Επι ῥοδινοις ταπησι,
Τηϊος ποτ' ὁ μελιστης
Ἱλαρος γελων εκειτο,
Μεθυων τε και λυριζων·
Αμφι αυτον οἱ δ' ερωτες
Ἁπαλοι συνεχορευσαν·
Ὁ βελη τα της Κυθηρης
Εποιει, ψυχης οϊστους·
Ὁ δε λευκα πορφυροισι
Κρινα συν ῥοδοισι πλεξας,
Εφιλει στεφων γεροντα·
Ἡ δε θεαων ανασσα,
ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' εξ Ολυμπου
Εσορωσ' Ανακρεοντα,
Εσορωσα τους ερωτας,
Ὑπομειδιασσας ειπε·
Σοφε, δ' ὡς Ανακρεοντα

Τον σοφωτατον απαντων,
Καλεουσιν οἱ σοφισται,
Τι, γερων, τεον βιον μεν
Τοις ερωσι, τῳ Λυαιῳ,
Κ' ουκ εμοι κρατειν εδωκας;
Τι φιλημα της Κυθηρης,
Τι κυπελλα του Λυαιου,
Αιει γ' ετρυφησας αδων,
Ουκ εμους νομους διδασκων,
Ουκ εμον λαχων αωτον;
Ὁ δε Τηϊος μελιστης
Μητε δυσχεραινε, φησι,
Ὁτι, Θεα, σου γ' ανευ μεν,
Ὁ σοφωτατος απαντων
Παρα των σοφων καλουμαι·
Φιλεω, πιω, λυριζω,
Μετα των καλων γυναικων·
Αφελως δε τερπνα παιζω,
Ὡς λυρη γαρ, εμον ητορ
Αναπνει μονους ερωτας·
Ὡδε βιοτου γαληνην
Φιλεων μαλιστα παντων,
Ου σοφος μελωδος ειμι;
Τις σοφωτερος μεν εστι;

CORRECTIONS OF THE PRECEDING ODE,

SUGGESTED BY

AN EMINENT GREEK SCHOLAR.

'ΕΠΙ' *πορφυρέοις τάπησι*	Επι ῥοδινοις ταπησι
Τήϊός ποτ' ᾠδοποιὸς	Τηϊος ποτ' ὁ μελιστης
ἱλαρὸς γελῶν ἔκειτο,	
μεθύων τε καὶ λυρίζων· 4	
περὶ δ' αὐτὸν ἀμφ' Ἔρωτες	Αμφι αυτον οἱ δ' Ερωτες
τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χόρευον.	Ἀπαλοι συνἔχορευσαν

1. *πορφυρέοις* vox trisyllabica. Anacr. Fragm. XXIX. 3. ed. Fischer. *πορφυρέη τ' Ἀφροδίτη.* Id. Fragm. XXXVI. 1. *σφαίρῃ δεῦτέ με πορφυρέῃ*, ut legendum plane ex Athenæo. Ἁλιπορφύροις *τάπησι* dixit Pseud-Anacreon, Od. VIII. 2. Theocr. Id. XV. 125. *πυρφύρεοι δὲ τάπητες ἄνω, μαλακώτεροι ὕπνω.*

5. Tmesis pro *ἀμφεχόρευσαν*. Theocr. Id. VII. 142. *πωτῶντο ξουθαὶ περὶ πίδακας ἀμφὶ μέλισσαι*, h. e. *ἀμφεπωτῶντο.*

6. Pseud-Anacr. Od. LII. 12. *τρομεροῖς ποσὶν χορεύει.*

τὰ βέλεμν' ὁ μὲν Κυθήρης	
ἐποίει καλῆς, οἵστοὺς	Εποιει, ψῦχης οϊστους
πυρόεντας, ἐκ κεραυνοῦ· 9	
ὁ δὲ λευκὰ καλλιφύλλοις	
κρίνα σὺν ῥόδοισι πλέξας,	
ἐφίλει στέφων γέροντα.	
κατὰ δ' εὐθὺς ἐξ Ὀλύμπου	Ἡ δε ϑεᾶων ανασσα
Σοφίη ϑέαινα βᾶσα,	
ἐσορῶσ' Ἀνακρέοντα, 15	
ἐσορῶσα τοὺς Ἔρωτας,	
ὑπομειδιῶσά φησι·	Ὑπομειδιασσᾶς ειπε
Σόφ',—ἐπεὶ βροτῶν σὲ τοῦτο	Τῶν σοφωτατὸν ἁπαντων
καλέουσι φῦλα πάντα, 19	
καλέουσιν οἱ σοφισταὶ, —	

7, 10. ὁ μὲν, *hic* — ὁ δὲ, *ille*. Bion. Id. I. 82. χὠ μὲν οἵστὼς, | ὃς δ' ἐπὶ τόξον ἔϑαιν', κ.τ.λ. itidem de Amoribus.

8, 9. ἐποίει — ἐκ κεραυνοῦ. Pseud-Anacr. Od. XXVIII. 18. τὸ δὲ βλέμμα νῦν ἀληϑῶς | ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον.

10, 11. καλλιφύλλοις — ῥόδοισι. Pseud-Anacr. Od. V. 3. τὸ ῥόδον τὸ καλλίφυλλον.

13. Tmesis pro καταβᾶσα. Pseud-Anacr. Od. III. 15. ἀνὰ δ' εὐθὺ λύχνον ἄψας, h. e. ἀνάψας.

18. Supple ὄνομα, quo τοῦτο referatur. Eurip. Phœn. 12. τοῦτο γὰρ πατὴρ | ἔθετο. h. e. τοῦτο ὄνομα. βροτῶν φῦλα πάντα adumbratum ex Pseud-Anacr. Od. III. 4. μερόπων δὲ φῦλα πάντα.

τί, γέρων, μάτην ὀδεύεις
βιότου τρίβον τεοῦ μὲν
μετὰ τῶν καλῶν Ἐρώτων,
μετὰ τοῦ καλοῦ Λυαίου, Τοῖς Ερωσι, τῳ Λυαιῳ
ἐμὲ δ' ὧδε λὰξ ἀτίζεις ; Κ' οὐκ εμοι κρατειν εδωκας
τί φίλημα τῆς Κυθήρης,
τί κύπελλα τοῦ Λυαίου,
ἐσαεὶ τρυφῶν ἀείδεις, Αἰεῖ γ' ετρυφησας ᾳδων
ἐμὰ Ϝέσμι' οὐ διδάσκων, Οὐκ εμϐς νομϐς διδασκων
ἐμὸν οὐ λαχὼν ἄωτον ; Οὐκ εμον λαχων αωτον
ὁ δὲ Τήϊος μελῳδὸς,
Σὺ παρὲκ νόον γε μή μοι
χαλέπαινε, φήσ', ἄνευθε } Μῆτε δυσχεραινε, φησι
ὅτι σεῦ σοφὸς καλοῦμαι Ὅτι, Ϝἔᾶ, σου γ' ανευ μεν
παρὰ τῶν σοφῶν ἁπάντων. Ὁ σοφωτατὸς ἁπαντων
φιλέω, πίω, λυρίζω,
μετὰ τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν,
ἀφελῶς δὲ τερπνὰ παίζω·

21. Pseud-Anacr. Od. xxiv. 2. *βιότου τρίβον ὁδεύειν.*

25. Æsch. Eumen. 538. *μηδέ νιν, | κέρδος ἰδὼν, ἀθέῳ ποδὶ λὰξ ἀτί- | σῃς.*

32. *παρὲκ νόον γε μή μοι χαλέπαινε, ne præter rationem in me sævi.* Il. Υ. 133. Ἥρη, μὴ χαλέπαινε παρὲκ νόον. Similem positionem particularum *μή μοι* exhibet Pseud-Anacr. Od. xxviii. 13.

κιθάρη γὰρ, ὡς κέαρ μεῦ,
ἀναπνεῖ μόνους Ἔρωτας.
βιότου δὲ τὴν γαλήνην
φιλέων μάλιστα πάντων,
σοφὸς οὐ μελῳδός εἰμι ;
τί σοφώτερον γένοιτ' ἄν ;
ἐμέθεν σοφώτερος τίς ;

Ὡς λυρη γαρ, ἔμον ητορ
Ὧδε βἴοτου γαληνην
Οῦ σοφος μελῳδος ειμι
Τἵς σοφωτερος μεν εστι

REMARKS

ON

ANACREON.

THERE is but little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes*, who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity, and, supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, have arranged, what they call, a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we

* He is quoted by Athenæus εν τῳ περι του Ανακρεοντος.

naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance*, and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.†

Our poet was born in the city of Téos‡, in the delicious region of Ionia, and the time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ.§ He flourished at that

* The History of Anacreon, by Gaçon (le Poëte sans fard, as he styles himself), is professedly a romance; nor does Mademoiselle Scuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable. But how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles him at last, in his old age, at a country villa near Téos?

† The learned Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in Le Fevre. (*Dictionnaire Historique, &c.*) Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father: they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

‡ The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. "Ingenia Asiatica inclyta per gentes fecêre Poetæ, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus, &c." — *Solinus.*

§ I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, "Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites."

remarkable period, when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were become the rival asylums of genius. There is nothing certain known about his family, and those who pretend to discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, show much more of zeal than of either accuracy or judgment.*

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and, while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told too by Maximus Tyrius, that, by the influence of his amatory songs, he

* This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's Dialogue on Temperance; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail, a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.*

The amours of the poet, and the rivalship of the tyrant†, I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained, where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we

* Ανακρεων Σαμιοις Πολυκρατην ἠμερωσε. Maxim. Tyr. § 21. Maximus Tyrius mentions this among other instances of the influence of poetry. If Gail had read Maximus Tyrius, how could he ridicule this idea in Moutonnet, as unauthenticated?

† In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Scuderi consulted nature more than truth.

officiously reminded that there have been really such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those princes who may be said to have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. From his court, which was a sort of galaxy of genius, Anacreon could not long be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet readily embraced the invitation, and the Muses and the Loves were wafted with him to Athens.*

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone†;

* There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called "Anacréon Citoyen."

† Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. "Uvæ passæ acino tandem suffocatus, si credimus

PENNA STATE LIBRARY

and, however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who see in this easy and characteristic death a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, we cannot help admiring that his fate should have been so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calcagninus alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet*:—

Those lips, then, hallow'd sage, which pour'd along
A music sweet as any cygnet's song,
The grape hath clos'd for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he lov'd with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever.

Suidæ in *οινοποτης*; alii enim hoc mortis genere periisse tradunt Sophoclem." — *Fabricii Bibliothec. Græc.* lib. ii. cap. 15. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's introduction to his Anacreon.

* At te, sancte senex, acinus sub Tartara misit;
Cygneæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter.
Vos, hederæ, tumulum, tumulum vos cingite, lauri,
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco;
At vitis procul hinc, procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quæ causam diræ protulit, uva, necis,

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Lost his sweet vital breath;
Thy God himself now blushes to confess,
Once hallow'd vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death.

It has been supposed by some writers that Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries; and the very thought of an intercourse between persons so congenial, both in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius, gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it. But the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamæleon and Hermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.*

Creditur ipse minus vitem jam Bacchus amare,
In vatem tantum quæ fuit ausa nefas.

The author of this epitaph, Cælius Calcagninus, has translated or imitated the epigrams εις την Μυρωνος βουν, which are given under the name of Anacreon.

* Barnes is convinced (but very gratuitously), of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho. In citing his authorities,

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy; but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may safely consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.* We

he has strangely neglected the line quoted by Fulvius Ursinus, as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho: —

Ειμι λαβων εισαρας Σαπφω παρθενον ἀδυφωνον.

Fabricius thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Vossius rejects the idea entirely: as do also Olaus Borrichius and others.

* An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote: —

Lyæum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusit Anacreon poeta.
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietis
Urebatur amoribus, sed ipsis
Tantum versibus et jocis amabat,
Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantis.

To Love and Bacchus ever young
While sage Anacreon touch'd the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
Nor fill'd his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
But never, never, reach'd his heart.

find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to have thought that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness in mere wealth. The cheerfulness, indeed, with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity, which he attributes to himself so feelingly, and which breathes characteristically throughout all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those few vices in our estimate which religion, at that time, not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall be inclined to say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; that his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and that Virtue, with her zone loosened, may be an apt emblem of the character of Anacreon.*

* Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that it were better, perhaps, to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining to themselves the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing cheerfully to his lyre. But the head of Anacreon, prefixed to this work *, has been considered so

lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extravagant, if not sometimes also a little profane. Baillet runs too much into the opposite extreme, exaggerating also the testimonies which he has consulted; and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as "un des plus savans critiques de l'antiquité." — *Jugement des Sçavans*, M. CV.

Barnes could hardly have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus; the note in question being manifest irony, in allusion to some censure passed upon Le Fevre for his Anacreon. It is clear, indeed, that praise rather than censure is intimated. See Johannes Vulpius (de Utilitate Poëtices), who vindicates our poet's reputation.

* It is taken from the Bibliotheca of Fulvius Ursinus. Bellori has copied the same head into his Imagines. Johannes Faber, in his description of the coin of Ursinus, mentions another head on a very beautiful cornelian, which he supposes was worn in a ring by some admirer of the poet. In the Iconographia of Canini there is a youthful head of Anacreon from a Grecian medal, with the letters TEIOΣ around it; on the

authentic, that we scarcely could be justified in the omission of it; and some have even thought that it is by no means deficient in that benevolent suavity of expression which should characterise the countenance of such a poet.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed both by ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon *, we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished

reverse there is a Neptune, holding a spear in his right hand, and a dolphin, with the word TIANΩN inscribed, in the left; "volendoci denotare (says Canini) che quelle cittadini la coniassero in honore del suo compatriota poeta." There is also among the coins of De Wilde one, which though it bears no effigy, was probably struck to the memory of Anacreon. It has the word THIΩN, encircled with an ivy crown. "At quidni respicit hæc corona Anacreontem, nobilem lyricum?" —*De Wilde.*

* Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace, in addition to the mention of him (lib. iv. od. 9.), alludes also to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. i. od. 17.; and the scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon Sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

remains of antiquity.* They are, indeed, all beauty, all enchantment.† He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathise even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was

* See Horace, Maximus Tyrius, &c. "His style (says Scaliger) is sweeter than the juice of the Indian reed."—*Pöet.* lib. i. cap. 44. "From the softness of his verses (says Olaus Borrichius) the ancients bestowed on him the epithets sweet, delicate, graceful, &c."—*Dissertationes Academicæ*, de Poetis, diss. 2. Scaliger again praises him thus in a pun; speaking of the μελος, or ode, "Anacreon autem non solum dedit hæc μελη sed etiam in ipsis mella." See the passage of Rapin, quoted hy all the editors. I cannot omit citing also the following very spirited apostrophe of the author of the Commentary prefixed to the Parma edition: "O vos sublimes animæ, vos Apollinis alumni, qui post unum Alcmanem in totâ Hellade lyricam poesim exsuscitastis, coluistis, amplificastis, quæso vos an ullus unquam fuerit vates qui Teio cantori vel naturæ candore vel metri suavitate palmam præripuerit." See likewise Vincenzo Gravini della Rag. Poetic. libro primo, p. 97. Among the Ritratti of Marino, there is one of Anacreon beginning "Cingetemi la fronte," &c. &c.

† "We may perceive," says Vossius, "that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style." Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace:—but the modern writers of Juvenilia and Basia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

rather an unrefined emotion: and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than by sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of love deprived it of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this purer gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement, prevented him also from yielding to the freedom of language, which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is always most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, though all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence, as much as they fascinate by their beauty. They

may be said, indeed, to be the very infants of the Muses, and to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but, to others, I am conscious, this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of such beauties can but ill justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.* The poems of Ana-

* In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by Le Sueur, Gossec, Mehul, and Cherubini. "On chante du Latin, et de l'Italien," says Gail, "quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?" The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all, as it appears to me, mistaken the accentuation of the words.

creon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birth-day entertainment.*

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and the apparent facility, perhaps, of his metre have attracted, as I have already remarked, a crowd of imitators. Some of these have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his emulators have been half so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, being conscious of their own inferiority to their great prototypes, determined on removing all possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, deprived the world of some of the most exquisite treasures of ancient

* The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 9.). The ode was not sung by the rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

times.* The works of Sappho and Alcæus were among those flowers of Grecian literature which thus fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was hallowed by the interests of religion; but I have already assigned the most probable motive†; and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written Anacreontics, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian unmutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

> Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
> Delevit ætas.

* See what Colomesius, in his "Literary Treasures," has quoted from Alcyonius de Exilio; it may be found in Baxter. Colomesius, after citing the passage, adds, "Hæc auro contra cara non potui non apponere."

† We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition.

> Αγε μοι, λιγεια φορμιγξ,
> Μετα Τηϊαν αοιδαν,
> Μετα Λεσβιαν τε μολπαν.

Margunius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious Anacreontics.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated, gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the "Anacreon Recantatus," by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit*, who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that the Grecian poet had dedicated to festivity and love.

His metre has frequently been adopted by the modern Latin poets; and Scaliger, Taub-

* This, perhaps, is the "Jesuita quidam Græculus" alluded to by Barnes, who has himself composed an Ανακρεων Χριστιανος, as absurd as the rest, but somewhat more skilfully executed.

man, Barthius*, and others, have shown that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.† The Anacreontics of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name; as they glitter all over with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus‡ preserve more happily than any others the delicate turn of those allegorical fables, which, passing so frequently through the mediums of version and imitation,

* I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more Anacreontics of his than I believe have ever been published.

† Thus too Albertus, a Danish poet: —

Fidii tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse,
Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulso;
Gaudebo semper illum
Laudare pumilillis
Anacreonticillis.

See the *Danish Poets* collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty littlenesses defy translation. A beautiful Anacreontic by Hugo Grotius, may be found Lib. i. Farraginis.

‡ To Angerianus Prior is indebted for some of his happiest mythological subjects.

have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have indulged their fancies upon the subjects, and in the manner of Anacreon, Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre, which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabriera and others.*

To judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in Anacreontic imitations; and Hagedorn † is one among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have also professed to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence with little of the simple grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras ‡ we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some

* See Crescimbeni, Historia della Volg. Poes.

† "L'aimable Hagedorn vaut quelquefois Anacréon." — *Dorat, Idée de la Poësie Allemande.*

‡ See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by de Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his Life, prefixed to a translation of his Satires, by the Abbé de Guasco.

of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which, so singularly, they had for many ages reposed. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his "Various Readings." Stephen was then very young; and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.* In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world†,

* Robertellus, in his work "De Ratione corrigendi," pronounces these verses to be the triflings of some insipid Græcist.

† Ronsard commemorates this event:—

Je vay boire à Henrie Etienne
Qui des enfers nous a rendu,
Du vieil Anacréon perdu,
La douce lyre Teïenne. Ode xv. book 5.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light.

accompanied with annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation. Accordingly he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon his authority, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world, however, has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spaletti, who published at Rome, in 1781, a fac-simile of those pages of the Vatican

manuscript which contained the odes of Anacreon.*

A catalogue has been given by Gail of all the different editions and translations of Anacreon. Finding their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting, I shall here content myself with enumerating only those editions and versions which it has been in my power to collect; and which, though very few, are, I believe, the most important.

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris—the Latin version is attributed by Colomesius to John Dorat.†

* This manuscript, which Spaletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams, and in the 676th page of it are found the Ἡμιαμβια Συμποσιακα of Anacreon.

† "Le même (M. Vossius) m'a dit qu'il avoit possédé un Anacréon, ou Scaliger avoit marqué de sa main, qu' Henri Etienne n'étoit pas l'auteur de la version Latine des odes de ce poëte, mais Jean Dorat."—*Paulus Colomesius, Particularités.*

Colomesius, however, seems to have relied too implicitly on Vossius;—almost all these Particularités begin with "M. Vossius m'a dit."

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears from a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of Ronsard, that Henry Stephen communicated to this poet his manuscript of Anacreon, before he promulgated it to the world.*

The edition by Le Fevre, 1660.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.†

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by la Fosse, 1704.

"L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacreon," by Gaçon; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

* "La fiction de ce sonnet comme l'auteur même m'a dit, est prise d'une ode d'Anacréon, encore non imprimée, qu'il a depuis traduit, Συ μεν φιλη χελιδων."

† The author of Nouvelles de la Répub. des Lett. bestows on this translation much more praise than its merits appear to me to justify.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier*, Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.†

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Doctor Broome, 1760.‡

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Gail, at Paris, 1799, with a prose translation.

* The notes of Regnier are not inserted in this edition; but they must be interesting, as they were for the most part communicated by the ingenious Menage, who, we may perceive, from a passage in the Menagiana, bestowed some research on the subject. "C'est aussi lui (M. Bigot) qui s'est donné la peine de conférer des manuscrits en Italie dans le tems que je travaillois sur Anacréon."—*Menagiana*, seconde partie.

† I find in Haym's Notizia de' Libri rari, Venice, 1670, an Italian translation by Cappone, mentioned.

‡ This is the most complete of the English translations.

ODES

OF

ANACREON.

ODE I.

I saw the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'T was in a vision of the night,
He beam'd upon my wondering sight.
I heard his voice, and warmly prest
The dear enthusiast to my breast.

This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilius, have been misled by the words *Του αυτου Βασιλικως* in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.
His lip exhal'd, whene'er he sigh'd,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant, of the Cyprian band,
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;

Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.] "How could he know at the first look (says Baxter) that the poet was φιλεννος?" There are surely many tell-tales of this propensity; and the following are the indices, which the physiognomist gives, describing a disposition perhaps not unlike that of Anacreon: Οφθαλμοι κλυζομενοι, κυμαινοντες εν ἀυτοις, εις αφροδισια και ευπαθειαν επτοηνται. ουτε δε αδικοι, ουτε κακουργοι, ουτε φυσεως φαυλης, ουτε αμουσοι. — *Adamantius.* "The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak too a mind of integrity and beneficence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry."

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful. Vide Physiognom. Johan. Baptist. Portæ.

I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breath'd of him and blush'd with wine.
I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now:
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much.

I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breath'd of him, &c.] Philostratus has the same thought in one of his Ερωτικα, where he speaks of the garland which he had sent to his mistress. Ει δε βουλει τι φιλω χαριζεσθαι, τα λειψανα αντιπεμψον, μηκετι πνεοντα ῥοδων μονον αλλα και σου. "If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but of thee!" Which pretty conceit is borrowed (as the author of the Observer remarks) in a well-known little song of Ben Jonson's: —

"But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me;
Since when it looks and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!"

And ah! I feel its magic now:] This idea, as Longepierre remarks, occurs in an epigram of the seventh book of the Anthologia.

Εξοτε μοι πινοντι συνεσταουσα Χαρικλω
Λαθρη τους ιδιους αμφεβαλε στεφανους,
Πυρ ολοον δαπτει με.

While I unconscious quaff'd my wine,
'T was then thy fingers slily stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which since has madden'd all my soul

ODE II.

Give me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,
I 'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I.
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch th' elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Great Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety;

Proclaim the laws of festal rite.] The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival. I have translated according to those who consider κυπελλα θεσμων as an inversion of θεσμους κυπελλων.

Flashing around such sparks of thought,
As Bacchus could alone have taught.

Then, give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.

ODE III.

Listen to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketch'd in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Full of loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,
Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the earthly heaven of love
These delighted mortals prove.

La Fosse has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

ODE IV.

Vulcan! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No — let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But mind that, o'er its simple frame
No mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side,
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glitt'ring wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But let the vine luxuriant roll
Its blushing tendrils round the bowl,
While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid
Is culling clusters in their shade.

This ode, Aulus Gellius tells us, was performed at an entertainment where he was present.

Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes,
And flights of Loves, in wanton play,
Wing through the air their winding way;
While Venus, from her arbour green,
Looks laughing at the joyous scene,
And young Lyæus by her side
Sits, worthy of so bright a bride.

While many a rose-lipp'd bacchant maid, &c.] I have availed myself here of the additional lines given in the Vatican manuscript, which have not been accurately inserted in any of the ordinary editions: —

Ποιησον αμπελους μοι
Και βοτρυας κατ' αὐτων
Και μαιναδας τρυγωσας.
Ποιει δε ληνον οινου,
Ληνοβατας πατουντας,
Τους σατυρους γελωντας,
Και χρυσους τους ερωτας,
Και Κυθερην γελωσαν,
Ὁμου καλω Λυαιω,
Ερωτα κ' Ἀφροδιτην

ODE V.

Sculptor, wouldst thou glad my soul,
Grave for me an ample bowl,
Worthy to shine in hall or bower,
When spring-time brings the reveller's hour.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Fit for a simple board like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate
Which History shudders to relate.
No — cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heav'n and themes of love.

Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Cælius Calcagninus, in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring.

Tornabis annulum mihi
Et fabre, et apte, et commode, &c. &c.

Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy,
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-ey'd Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces, link'd with Love,
Stray, laughing, through the shadowy grove;
While rosy boys disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground.

Let Love be there, without his arms, &c.] Thus Sannazaro in the eclogue of Gallicio nell' Arcadia: —

Vegnan li vaghi Amori
Senza fiammelle, ò strali,
Scherzando insieme pargoletti e nudi.

Fluttering on the busy wing,
A train of naked Cupids came,
Sporting around in harmless ring,
Without a dart, without a flame.

And thus in the Pervigilium Veneris: —

Ite nymphæ, posuit arma, feriatus est amor.

Love is disarm'd — ye nymphs, in safety stray,
Your bosoms now may boast a holiday!

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.

But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for the rosy boys.] An allusion to the fable, that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth, while playing with him at quoits. "This (says M. La Fosse) is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other."

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon himself explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them: --

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro disco
A Giacinto fiaccò il collo.

ODE VI.

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,
Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.

This beautiful fiction, which the commentators have attributed to Julian, a royal poet, the Vatican MS. pronounces to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has, indeed, all the features of the parent: —

et facile insciis
Noscitetur ab omnibus.

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.] This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius: —

Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratis lilia cana rosis,
Ecce rosas inter latitantem invenit Amorem
Et simul annexis floribus implicuit.
Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis
Indomitus tentat solvere vincla puer:
Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit et ora ipsos nata movere Deos,
Impositosque comæ ambrosios ut sentit odores
Quosque legit diti messe beatus Arabs;

I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Then drank I down the poison'd bowl.
And Love now nestles in my soul.
Oh yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

" I (dixit) mea, quære novum tibi, mater, Amorem,
Imperio sedes hæc erit apta meo."

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove,
A wreath of many mingled flow'rets wove,
Within a rose a sleeping Love she found,
And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
Awhile he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's radiant swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught th' ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
" Oh! mother Venus," (said the raptur'd child,
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguil'd,)
" Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
" Hyella's arms shall now be Cupid's throne!"

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce in a poem, beginning

Mentre raccoglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucid' onde,
Lidia, &c. &c.

ODE VII.

The women tell me every day
That all my bloom has past away.
"Behold," the pretty wantons cry,
"Behold this mirror with a sigh;
The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!"
Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;

Alberti has imitated this ode in a poem, beginning

Nisa mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.

Whether decline has thinn'd my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care;] Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here:

Εγω δε τας κομας μεν,
Ειτ εισιν, ειτ' απηλθον,
Ουκ οιδα.

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus, what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner: —

Ipse quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

Longepierre was a good critic; but perhaps the line which

But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give.

he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very commendable. At the same time I confess, that none of the Latin poets have ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into mere vulgar licentiousness.

That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;] Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age:

Quid rides, Matrona? senem quid temnis amantem?
Quisquis amat nullâ est conditione senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?
Lady dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

ODE VIII.

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich the great:
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasur'd gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy wreath,
Its freshness o'er my brow to breathe;

"The German poet Lessing has imitated this ode. Vol. i. p. 24." Degen. Gail de Editionibus.

Baxter conjectures that this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Polycrates, according to the anecdote in Stobæus.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, &c.] "There is a fragment of Archilochus in Plutarch, 'De tranquillitate animi,' which our poet has very closely imitated here; it begins,

Ου μοι τα Γυγεω του πολυχρυσου μελει." BARNES.

In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought: —

Ψυχην εμην ερωτω,
Τι σοι θελεις γενεσθαι;
Θελεις Γυγεω τα και τα;

Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er would shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then —
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.

Be mine the rich perfumes that flow,
To cool and scent my locks of snow.] In the original, μυροισι καταβρεχειν ὑπηνην. On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents. But he should have known, that this was an ancient eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists: "Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe*, célébré par le prophète Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours." Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent, having introduced it in the following lines:

Hæc mihi cura, rosis et cingere tempora myrto,
Et curas multo dclapidare mero.
Hæc mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo
Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care, to wreathe my brow with flowers,
To drench my sorrows in the ample bowl;
To pour rich perfumes o'er my beard in showers,
And give full loose to mirth and joy of soul!

"* Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaronis. Pseaume 133."

And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from each new bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine.
For Death may come, with brow unpleasant,
May come, when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us — drink no more!

ODE IX.

I PRAY thee, by the gods above,
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!"
Alcmæon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fiends of hell;
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic pac'd the mountain-head;
And why? a murder'd mother's shade
Haunted them still where'er they strayed.

The poet is here in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is, indeed, "amabilis insania;" —

Furor di poesia,
Di lascivia, e di vino,
Triplicato furore,
Bacco, Apollo, et Amore.
Ritratti del Cavalier Marino.

This is truly, as Scaliger expresses it,

—— Insanire dulce
Et sapidum furere furorem.

But ne'er could I a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I shout, with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night.

Alcides' self, in days of yore,
Imbru'd his hands in youthful gore,
And brandish'd, with a maniac joy,
The quiver of th' expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scour'd the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no weapon ask,
No armour but this joyous flask;
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scatter'd wreath of flowers
Ev'n I can sing with wild delight,
"I will — I will be mad to-night!

ODE X.

How am I to punish thee,
For the wrong thou'st done to me,
Silly swallow, prating thing —
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?

This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, Scherz. Lieder. lib. ii. carm. 5.; that Ramler also has imitated it, Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 335.; and some others. See Gail de Editionibus.

We are here referred by Degen to that dull book, the Epistles of Alciphron, tenth epistle, third book; where Iophon complains to Eraston of being wakened by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

Silly swallow, prating thing, &c.] The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialised; thus Nicostratus: —

Ει το συνεχως και πολλα και ταχεως λαλειν
Ην του φρονειν παρασημον, αἱ χελιδονες
Ελεγοντ' αν ἡμων σωφρονεστεραι πολυ.

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

Or, as Tereus did, of old,
(So the fabled tale is told,)
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that utter'd such a lay?
Ah, how thoughtless hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When a dream came o'er my mind,
Picturing her I worship, kind,
Just when I was nearly blest,
Loud thy matins broke my rest!

Or, as Tereus did, of old, &c.] Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many respectable authorities among the ancients assigned this metamorphose to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

ODE XI.

" Tell me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?"
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who pass'd my way:
" Sir," (he answer'd, and the while
Answer'd all in Doric style,)
" Take it, for a trifle take it;
'Twas not I who dared to make it;
No, believe me, 'twas not I;
Oh, it has cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!"

It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel, indeed, that the translation must appear vapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

And I can no longer keep
Little gods, who murder sleep!] I have not literally rendered

" Here, then, here," (I said with joy,)
" Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!"

Now, young Love, I have thee mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt:
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire.

the epithet παντορεκτα; if it has any meaning here, it is one, perhaps, better omitted.

I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy — in yonder fire.] From this Longepierre conjectures, that, whatever Anacreon might say, he felt sometimes the inconveniences of old age, and here solicits from the power of Love a warmth which he could no longer expect from Nature.

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd spring,
The votaries of the laurell'd king

They tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;] There are many contradictory stories of the loves of Cybele and Atys. It is certain that he was mutilated, but whether by his own fury, or Cybele's jealousy, is a point upon which authors are not agreed.

Cybele's name he howls around, &c.] I have here adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele: —

In montibus Cybèlen
Magno sonans boatu.

Oft too, by Claros' hallow'd spring, &c] This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Lebedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger thus alludes to it in his Anacreontica:

Semel ut concitus œstro,
Veluti qui Clarias aquas
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plus canunt, plura volunt.

Quaff the inspiring, magic stream,
And rave in wild, prophetic dream.
But frenzied dreams are not for me,
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While floating odours round me swim,
While mantling bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too—
Mad, my girl, with love for you!

While floating odours, &c.] Spaletti has quite mistaken the import of κορεσθεις, as applied to the poet's mistress — "Meâ fatigatus amicâ;" — thus interpreting it in a sense which must want either delicacy or gallantry; if not, perhaps, both.

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will, the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resign'd;
And so repell'd the tender lure,
And hop'd my heart would sleep secure.

But, slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summon'd me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too;

And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted, too;] Longepierre has here quoted an epigram from the Anthologia, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love.

Assum'd the corslet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smil'd at fear.
Then (hear it, all ye powers above!)
I fought with Love! I fought with Love!

Ωπλισμαι προς ερωτα περι στερνοισι λογισμον,
Ουδε με νικησει, μονος εων προς ένα·
Θνατος δ' αθανατω συνελευσομαι· ην δε βοηθον
Βακχον εχη, τι μονος προς δυ' εγω δυναμαι;

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little Love in the field;
Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismay'd;
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior, what should I do?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so truly Anacreontic, that its introduction here may be pardoned. It is an imitation, indeed, of our poet's sixth ode.

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend' io
Bevei le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
Ch'or con l'humide piume
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor intorno.
Ma che sarei s'io lo bevessi un giorno,
Bacco, nel tuo liquore?
Sarei, piu che non sono ebro d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank on yester-eve,
(Shepherd-youth, the tale believe,)
'Twas not a cooling, crystal draught,
'Twas liquid flame I madly quaff'd;

And now his arrows all were shed,
And I had just in terror fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And, having now no other dart,
He shot himself into my heart!
My heart—alas the luckless day!
Receiv'd the God, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield!
Thy lord at length is forc'd to yield.
Vain, vain, is every outward care,
The foe's within, and triumphs there.

For Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide;
And now the wily, wanton minion
Plays round my heart with restless pinion.
A day it was of fatal star,
But ah, 'twere even more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this flutt'ring, young desire:
Then, then indeed my soul would prove,
Ev'n more than ever, drunk with love!

And, having now no other dart,
He shot himself into my heart!] Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines: —

——— I'm all o'er Love;
Nay, I am Love, Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

ODE XIV.

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze;
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep;

The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more, than, by a lively hyperbole, to inform us, that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad, called "The Chronicle;" and the learned Menage has imitated it in a Greek Anacreontic, which has so much ease and spirit, that the reader may not be displeased at seeing it here: —

ΠΡΟΣ ΒΙΩΝΑ.

Ει αλσεων τα φυλλα,
Λειμωνιους τε ποιας,
Ει νυκτος αστρα παντα,
Παρακτιους τε ψαμμους,
Ἅλος τε κυματωδη,
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν,
Και τους εμους εοωτας
Δυνη, Βιων, αριθμειν.
Κορην, γυναικα, Χηραν,
Σμικρην, Μεσην, Μεγιστην,
Λευκην τε και Μελαιναν,
Ορειαδας, Ναπαιας,

Then, when you have number'd these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,

Νηρηϊδας τε πασας
Ὁ σος φιλος φιλησε.
Παντων κορος μεν εστιν.
Αυτην νεων Ερωτων,
Δεσποιναν Αφροδιτην,
Χρυσην, καλην, γλυκειαν,
Ερασμιαν, ποθεινην,
Αει μονην φιλησαι
Εγωγε μη δυναιμην.

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore,
Then, my Bion, thou mayst count
Of my loves the vast amount.
I've been loving, all my days,
Many nymphs, in many ways;
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes, I swear I've lov'd them all!
Soon was every passion over,
I was but the moment's lover;
Oh! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practis'd all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, wreathed smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever.

Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids
Sporting in their olive shades,
You may reckon just a score,
Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.

Count me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf, &c.] This figure is called, by rhetoricians, the Impossible (*αδυνατον*), and is very frequently made use of in poetry. The amatory writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinite number of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses: in this Catullus led the way.

—Quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores;
Tam te basia multa basiare
Vesano satis, et super, Catullo est:
Quæ nec pernumerare curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua. Carm. 7.

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamour'd lie, —
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number;
So many kisses we shall count,
Envy can never tell the' amount.
No tongue shall blab the sum, but mine;
No lips shall fascinate, but thine!

In the fam'd Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove,
Chains of beauties may be found,
Chains, by which my heart is bound;
There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine.
Many bloom in Lesbos' isle;
Many in Ionia smile;
Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast;
Caria too contains a host.
Sum them all—of brown and fair
You may count two thousand there.

In the fam'd Corinthian grove,
Where such countless wantons rove, &c.] Corinth was very famous for the beauty and number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and their constant prayer was, that the gods should increase the number of her worshippers. We may perceive from the application of the verb κορινθιαζειν, in Aristophanes, that the lubricity of the Corinthians had become proverbial.

There, indeed, are nymphs divine,
Dangerous to a soul like mine!] "With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece."—*Degen.*

M. de Pauw, the author of Dissertations upon the Greeks, is of a different opinion; he thinks, that by a capricious partiality of nature, the other sex had all the beauty; and by this supposition endeavours to account for a very singular depravation of instinct among that people.

What, you stare? I pray you, peace!
More I'll find before I cease.
Have I told you all my flames,
'Mong the amorous Syrian dames?
Have I numbered every one,
Glowing under Egypt's sun?
Or the nymphs, who blushing sweet
Deck the shrine of Love in Crete;
Where the God, with festal play,
Holds eternal holiday?
Still in clusters, still remain
Gades' warm, desiring train;

Gades' warm, desiring train;] The Gaditanian girls were like the Baladières of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: "Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessein, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs."— *Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes. Raynal.*

The music of the Gaditanian females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial: —

Cantica qui Nili, qui Gaditana susurrat.
Lib. iii. epig. 63.

Lodovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem "De diversis amoribus." See the Anthologia Italorum.

Still there lies a myriad more
On the sable India's shore;
These, and many far remov'd,
All are loving—all are lov'd!

ODE XV.

Tell me, why, my sweetest dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmiest flowers?

The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the author of "The Pleasures of Memory" a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?

See the poem. Daniel Heinsius, in speaking of Dousa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden, expresses a similar sentiment.

Quo patriæ non tendit amor? Mandata referre
Postquam hominem nequiit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us, that at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter, tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the besieged. — Holy War, cap. 24. book i.

Tell me whither, whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest dove.

Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;—
She, whose eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any.
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove,

She, whose eye has madden'd many, &c.] For τυραννον, in the original, Zeune and Schneider conjecture that we should read τυραννου, in allusion to the strong influence which this object of his love held over the mind of Polycrates. See Degen.

Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove, &c.] "This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that any thing so beautiful or so delicate has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man, from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!"—*Longepierre.*

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a licence for praising themselves, which, with some indeed, may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

('Twas in sooth a gentle lay,)
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now his faithful minion,—
Thus with softly-gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell,
Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from rugged haunts like these.
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then, when I have wanton'd round
To his lyre's beguiling sound;

Or with gently-moving wings
Fann'd the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp I sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!

This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,
Best of painters, come portray
The lovely maid that's far away.

This ode and the next may be called companion-pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book "De Pictura Veterum."

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano Goselini, &c. &c. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his Anacreontica:

Olim lepore blando,
Litis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingeret amicus
Descripsit Venerem suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attun'd his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace.

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlæus, entitled "An formosa sit ducenda," the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of womanly beauty.

Thou, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse,] I have followed here the reading

Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;

of the Vatican MS. ροδεης. Painting is called "the rosy art," either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation: —

Della rosea arte signore.

The lovely maid that's far away.] If this portrait of the poet's mistress be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions "the golden Eurypyle" as his mistress.

Βεβληκως χρυσεην χειρας επ' Ευρυπυλην.

Paint her jetty ringlets playing,
Silky locks, like tendrils straying;] The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of the beauty of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his Milesiacs, says, that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

Stesichorus gave the epithet καλλιπλοκαμος to the Graces, and Simonides bestowed the same upon the Muses. See Hadrian Junius's Dissertation upon Hair.

To this passage of our poet, Selden alluded in a note on the Polyolbion of Drayton, Song the Second, where observing, that the epithet "black-haired" was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says, "Nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending to bestow on his sweet

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light,
Burnish'd as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows smoothly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Each, a crescent gently gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.

But, hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure rays
That in Minerva's glances blaze,

mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired (καλλιπλοκαμος), thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired."

And, if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil, &c.] Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: επαινω και τον ενδροσον των ῥοδων, και φημι γεγραφθαι αυτα μετα της οσμης. "I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted."

Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes.
O'er her nose and cheek be shed
Flushing white and soften'd red;
Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.

Mix'd with the liquid light that lies
In Cytherea's languid eyes,] Marchetti explains thus the ὑγρον of the original: —

Dipingili umidetti
Tremuli e lascivetti,
Quai gli ha Ciprigna l'alma Dea d'Amore.

Tasso has painted in the same manner the eyes of Armida: —

Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.

Within her humid, melting eyes
A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
Soft as the broken solar beam,
That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

Mingling tints, as when there glows
In snowy milk the bashful rose.] Thus Propertius, eleg. 3. lib. ii.

Utque rosæ puro lacte natant folia.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,
Rosy nest, where lurks Persuasion,
Mutely courting Love's invasion.
Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within,

And Davenant, in a little poem called "The Mistress,"

Catch as it falls the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk.

Thus too Taygetus: —

Quæ lac atque rosas vincis candore rubenti.

These last words may perhaps defend the "flushing white" of the translation.

Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses,] The "lip, provoking kisses," in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of χειλη μαλθακα προς τα φιληματα, "Lips soft and delicate for kissing." A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us with the apparent authority of experience, that "Suavius viros osculantur puellæ lahiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus lahris." And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious uninteresting story of the loves of Euryalus and Lucretia, where he particularises the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips thus: — "Os parvum decensque, lahia corallini coloris ad morsum aptissima."— Epist. 114. lib. i.

Next, beneath the velvet chin,
Whose dimple hides a Love within, &c.] Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro: —

Mould her neck with grace descending,
In a heaven of beauty ending;
While countless charms, above, below,
Sport and flutter round its snow.
Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal;
A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
Enough—'tis she! 'tis all I seek;
It glows, it lives, it soon will speak!

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
By Cupid's own finger imprest;
There Beauty, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent nest.

Now let a floating, lucid veil,
Shadow her form, but not conceal, &c.] This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionably minute; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The "questo che tu m' intendi" should be always left to fancy.

ODE XVII.

And now with all thy pencil's truth,
Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth!
Let his hair, in masses bright,
Fall like floating rays of light;
And there the raven's die confuse
With the golden sunbeam's hues.
Let no wreath, with artful twine,
The flowing of his locks confine;

The reader, who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius de Pictura Veterum, lib. 3. cap. 9., where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections. Junius compares this ode with a description of Theodoric, king of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book, of Sidonius Apollinaris.

Let his hair, in masses bright,
Fall like floating rays of light; &c.] He here describes the sunny hair, the "flava coma," which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Stanisl. Kobienzyck. de Luxu Romanorum.

Let no wreath, with artful twine, &c.] If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value,

But leave them loose to every breeze,
To take what shape and course they please.
Beneath the forehead, fair as snow,
But flush'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn,
Let the majestic brows be drawn,
Of ebon hue, enrich'd by gold,
Such as dark, shining snakes unfold.
Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike;

that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his letters to West.

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner, than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

But flush'd with manhood's early glow,
And guileless as the dews of dawn, &c.] Torrentius, upon the words "insignem tenui fronte," in Horace, Od. 33., lib. 1., is of opinion, incorrectly, I think, that "tenui" here bears the same meaning as the word απαλον.

Mix in his eyes the power alike,
With love to win, with awe to strike; &c.] Tasso gives a similar character to the eyes of Clorinda: —

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were flashing with a heavenly heat,
A fire that, even in anger, still was sweet.

Borrow from Mars his look of ire,
From Venus her soft glance of fire;
Blend them in such expression here,
That we by turns may hope and fear!

Now from the sunny apple seek
The velvet down that spreads his cheek;
And there, if art so far can go,
Th' ingenuous blush of boyhood show.

The poetess Veronica Cambara is more diffuse upon this variety of expression: —

Occhi lucenti e belli,
Come esser puo ch' in un medesmo istante
Nascan de voi si nuove forme et tante?
Lieti, mesti, superbi, humil', altieri,
Vi mostrate in un punto, onde di speme,
Et di timor, de empiete, &c. &c.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire.
Now with pride or scorn you darkle,
Now with love, with gladness, sparkle,
While we who view the varying mirror,
Feel by turns both hope and terror.

Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled "Joan. Falconis Anacreontici Lusus."

While, for his mouth — but no, — in vain
Would words its witching charm explain.
Make it the very seat, the throne,
That Eloquence would claim her own;
And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there.

Next thou his ivory neck must trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.

That Eloquence would claim her own ;] In the original, as in the preceding ode, Pitho, the goddess of persuasion, or eloquence. It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throne. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse: —

Ουδ' αργυρεη ποτ' ελαμψε Πειθω.

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

And let the lips, though silent, wear
A life-look, as if words were there.] In the original λαλων σιοπη. The mistress of Petrarch "parla con silenzio," which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand,
With which he waves his snaky wand;
Let Bacchus the broad chest supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh;
While, through his whole transparent frame,
Thou show'st the stirrings of that flame,
Which kindles, when the first love-sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.

But sure thy pencil, though so bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamour'd touch would show
The shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in veiling shadow lies,
Remov'd from all but Fancy's eyes.

Give him the winged Hermes' hand, &c.] In Shakspeare's Cymbeline there is a similar method of description: —

———this is his hand,
His foot mercurial, his martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in Hamlet. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon, on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterise the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

Now, for his feet—but hold—forbear—
I see the sun-god's portrait there;
Why paint Bathyllus? when, in truth,
There, in that god, thou'st sketch'd the youth.
Enough—let this bright form be mine,
And send the boy to Samos' shrine;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then, the deity!

——— *But hold — forbear —*

I see the sun-god's portrait there ;] The abrupt turn here is spirited, but requires some explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos. He then instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

"Bathyllus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him."

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!
Sunn'd by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid I expire.
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.

An elegant translation of this ode, says Degen, may be found in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. v. p. 403.

Bring me wine in brimming urns, &c.] Orig. πιειν αμυστι. The amystis was a method of drinking used among the Thracians. Thus Horace, "Threicià vincat amystide." Mad. Dacier, Longepierre, &c. &c.

Parrhasius, in his twenty-sixth epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. i.), explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat," but adds no reference.

Give me all those humid flowers, &c.] According to the original reading of this line, the poet says, "Give me the flower

Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Lives upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.

of wine"— Date flosculos Lyæi, as it is in the version of Elias Andreas; and

Deh porgetimi del fiore
Di quel almo e buon liquore,

as Regnier has it, who supports the reading. The word Ανθος would undoubtedly bear this application, which is somewhat similar to its import in the epigram of Simonides upon Sophocles: —

Εσθεσθης γεραιε Σοφοκλεες, ανθος αοιδων.

and flos in the Latin is frequently applied in the same manner — thus Cethegus is called by Ennius, Flos inlibatus populi, suadæque medulla, "The immaculate flower of the people, and the very marrow of persuasion." See these verses cited by Aulus Gellius, lib. xii., which Cicero praised, and Seneca thought ridiculous.

But in the passage before us, if we admit εκεινων, according to Faber's conjecture, the sense is sufficiently clear, without having recourse to such refinements.

Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.] There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here: —

Ante fores madidæ sic sic pendete corollæ,
Mane orto imponet Cælia vos capiti;
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

But to you, my burning heart,
What can now relief impart?
Can brimming bowl, or flowret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

By Celia's arhour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then, if upon her bosom hright
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed hy me!

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan's, "Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone," there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus: —

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve
Some lingering drops of the night-fallen dew;
Let them fall on her bosom of snow, and they'll serve
As tears of my sorrow entrusted to you.

But to you, my burning heart, &c.] The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; hut the commentators have perplexed the sentiment hy a variety of readings and conjectures.

ODE XIX.

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embowering shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;

The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we almost feel a degree of coolness and freshness while we peruse it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode: —

Ερχεο και κατ' εμαν ἰζεν πιτυν, ἁ το μελιχρον
Προς μαλακυυς ηχει κεκλιμενα ζεφυρους.
Ηνιδε και κρουνισμα μελισταγες, ενθα μελισδων
'Ηδυν ερημαιοις ὑπνον αγω καλαμοις.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay.

Here recline you, gentle maid, &c.] The Vatican MS. reads βαθυλλου, which renders the whole poem metaphorical Some

Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling soft the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.

commentator suggests the reading of *βαθυλλον*, which makes a pun upon the name; a grace that Plato himself has condescended to in writing of his boy *Αστηρ*. See the epigram of this philosopher, which I quote on the twenty-second ode.

There is another epigram by this philosopher, preserved in Laertius, which turns upon the same word.

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν ἑωος,
Νυν δε θανων λαμπεις ἑσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

In life thou wert my morning star,
But now that death has stol'n thy light,
Alas! thou shinest dim and far,
Like the pale beam that weeps at night.

In the Veneres Blyenburgicæ, under the head of "Allusiones," we find a number of such frigid conceits upon names, selected from the poets of the middle ages.

Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I.] The finish given to the picture by this simple exclamation *τις αν ουν ὁρων παρελθοι*, is inimitable. Yet a French translator says on the passage, "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

ODE XX.

One day the Muses twin'd the hands
Of infant Love with flow'ry bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant for her slave.

The poet appears, in this graceful allegory, to describe the softening influence which poetry holds over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty. In the following epigram, however, by the philosopher Plato, (Diog. Laert. lib. 3.) the Muses are represented as disavowing the influence of Love.

Ἀ Κυπρις Μουσαισι, κορασια, ταν Αφροδιταν
Τιματ', η τον Ερωτα ὑμμιν εφοπλισομαι.
Αἱ Μουσαι ποτι Κυπριν, Αρει τα στωμυλα ταυτα·
Ἡμιν ου πεταται τουτο το παιδαριον.

"Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;"
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms —
"Or Love shall flutter through your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!"

"No," said the virgins of the tuneful bower,
"We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!"

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;

Scherzava dentro all' auree chiome Amore
Dell' alma donna della vita mia:
E tanta era il piacer ch' ei ne sentia,
Che non sapea, nè volea uscirne fore.

Quando ecco ivi annodar si sente il core,
Sì, che per forza ancor convien che stia:
Tai lacci alta beltate orditi avia
Del crespo crin, per farsi eterno onore.

Onde offre infin dal ciel degna mercede,
A chi scioglie il figliuol la bella dea
Da tanti nodi, in ch' ella stretto il vede.
Ma ei vinto a due occhi l' arme cede:
Et t' affatichi indarno, Citerea;
Che s' altri 'l scioglie, egli a legar si riede.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Found, at each step, such sweet delays,
That rapt he linger'd there.

And how, indeed, was Love to fly,
Or how his freedom find,
When every ringlet was a tie,
A chain, by Beauty twin'd.

In vain to seek her boy's release,
Comes Venus from above:
Fond mother, let thy efforts cease,
Love's now the slave of Love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!

His mother sues, but all in vain, —
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Even should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
" If this," he cries, " a bondage be,
Oh, who could wish for liberty? "

His mother comes, with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy; &c.] In the first idyl of Moschus, Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child: —

Ὁ μανυτας γερας ἑξει,
Μισθος τοι, το φιλαμα το Κυπριδος· ην δ', αγαγῃς νιν
Ου γυμνον το φιλαμα, τυ δ', ω ξενε, και πλεον ἑξεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But he, who can bring back the urchin in chains,
Shall receive even something more sweet for his pains.

Subjoined to this ode, we find in the Vatican MS. the following lines, which appear to me to boast as little sense as metre, and which are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber: —

Ηδυμελης Ανακρεων
Ηδυμελης δε Σαπφω
Πινδαρικον το δε μοι μελος
Συγκερασας τις εγχεοι
Τα τρια ταυτα μοι δοκει
Και Διονυσος εισελθων
Και Παφιη παραχρονος
Και αυτος Ερως καν επιειν.

ODE XXI.

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.

Those critics who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy. Among others, Gail very sapiently thinks that the poet uses the epithet μελαινη, because black earth absorbs moisture more quickly than any other; and accordingly he indulges us with an experimental disquisition on the subject. — See Gail's notes.

One of the Capilupi has imitated this ode, in an epitaph on a drunkard: —

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer arcus
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.
Sic bibit assiduè fontes et flumina Pontus,
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haurit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da victas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.

Hippolytus Capilupus.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;

The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.

As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea:
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

I cannot omit citing those remarkable lines of Shakspeare, where the thoughts of the ode before us are preserved with such striking similitude:

I'll example you with thievery.
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea. The moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun.
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The mounds into salt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds, and breeds by a composture stol'n
From general excrements.

Timon of Athens, act iv. sc. 3.

ODE XXII.

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

——*a weeping matron's form;*] Niohe.—Ogilvie, in his Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients, in remarking upon the Odes of Anacreon, says, "In some of his pieces there is exuherance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly, which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to he transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness."

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful Muse; "ludit amabiliter." The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausihle argument in the features of modern gallantry which it hears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserahle. Longepierre and Barnes refer us to several imitations of this ode, from which I shall only select the following epigram of Dionysius: —

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
That I might catch that smile divine;
And like my own fond fancy be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee;

Ειθ' ανεμος γενομην, συ δε γε στειχουσα παρ' αυγας,
Στηθεα γυμνωσαις, και με πνεοντα λαβοις.
Ειθε ῥοδον γενομην ὑποπορφυρον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, κομισαις στεθεσι χιονεοις.
Ειθε κρινον γενομην λευκοχροον, οφρα με χερσιν
Αραμενη, μαλλον σης χροτιης κορεσης.

I wish I could like zephyr steal
To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;
And thou wouldst ope thy bosom-veil,
And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rose-bud grow,
And thou wouldst cull me from the bower,
To place me on that breast of snow,
Where I should bloom, a wintry flower.

I wish I were the lily's leaf,
To fade upon that bosom warm;
Content to wither, pale and brief,
The trophy of thy fairer form!

I may add, that Plato has expressed as fanciful a wish in a distich preserved by Laertius:

Αστερας εισαθρεις, Αστηρ εμος. ειθε γενοιμην
Ουρανος, ὡς πολλοις ομμασιν εις σε βλεπω.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?
Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,
And every star should be an eye,
To wonder on thy beauties here!

Or could I be the robe which holds
That graceful form within its folds;
Or, turn'd into a fountain, lave
Thy beauties in my circling wave.
Would I were perfume for thy hair,
To breathe my soul in fragrance there;
Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs.
Or ev'n those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow —

Apulcius quotes this epigram of the divine philosopher, to justify himself for his verses on Critias and Charinus. See his Apology, where he also adduces the example of Anacreon; "Fecere tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud Græcos Teius quidam, &c. &c."

Or, better still, the zone, that lies
Close to thy breast, and feels its sighs!] This ταινιη was a riband, or band, called by the Romans fascia and strophium, which the women wore for the purpose of restraining the exuberance of the bosom. Vide Polluc. Onomast. Thus Martial: —

Fasciâ crescentes dominæ compesce papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone, but condemned themselves to fasting, and made use of certain drugs and powders for the same purpose. To these expedients they were compelled, in consequence of their inelegant fashion of compressing the waist into a very narrow compass, which necessarily caused an excessive tumidity in the bosom. See Dioscorides, lib. v.

Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh, any thing that touches thee;
Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Ev'n to be trod by them were sweet!

Nay, sandals for those airy feet —
Ev'n to be trod by them were sweet!] The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-letters, has borrowed this thought; ω αδετοι ποδες, ω καλλος ελευθερος, ω τρισευδαιμων εγω και μακαριος εαν πατησετε με. — "Oh lovely feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy and blessed should I be, if you would but tread on me!" In Shakspeare, Romeo desires to be a glove: —

Oh! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his Passionate Pilgrim, we meet with an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line: —

He, spying her, bounc'd in, where as he stood,
"O Jove!" quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

In Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, that whimsical farrago of "all such reading as was never read," we find a translation of this ode made before 1632. — "Englished by Mr. B. Holiday, in his Technog. act i. scene 7."

ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime,
To men of fame, in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,

According to the order in which the odes are usually placed, this (Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας) forms the first of the series; and is thought to be peculiarly designed as an introduction to the rest. It however characterises the genius of the Teian but very inadequately, as wine, the burden of his lays, is not even mentioned in it:

——— cum multo Venerem confundere mero
Precepit Lyrici Teia Musa senis. OVID.

The twenty-sixth Ode, Συ μεν λεγεις τα Θηβης, might, with just as much propriety, be placed at the head of his songs.

We find the sentiments of the ode before us expressed by Bion with much simplicity in his fourth idyl. The above translation is, perhaps, too paraphrastical; but the ode has been so frequently translated, that I could not otherwise avoid triteness and repetition.

And whisper, with dissolving tone,
" Our sighs are given to love alone ! "
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attun'd them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell;
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre.
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
" The tale of love alone is sweet ! "
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;

In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!] Madame Dacier generally translates λυρη into a lute, which I believe is inaccurate. " D'expliquer la lyre des anciens (says M. Sorel) par un luth, c'est ignorer la différence qu'il y a entre ces deux instrumens de musique." — *Bibliothèque Françoise.*

But still its fainting sighs repeat,
" *The tale of love alone is sweet!*"] The word αντεφωνει in the original, may imply that kind of musical dialogue practised by the ancients, in which the lyre was made to respond to the questions proposed by the singer. This was a method which Sappho used, as we are told by Hermogenes; " ὁταν την λυραν ερωτα Σαπφω, και ὁταν αυτη αποκρινηται."— Περι Ιδεων, τομ. δευτ.

For thou my lyre, and thou my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And all that one has felt so well
The other shall as sweetly tell!

ODE XXIV.

To all that breathe the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature given.
In forming the majestic bull,
She fenced with wreathed horns his skull;

Henry Stephen has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems: —

Provida dat cunctis Natura animantibus arma,
Et sua fœmineum possidet arma genus,
Ungulâque ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua taurum,
Armata est formâ fœmina pulchra suâ.

And the same thought occurs in those lines, spoken by Corisca in Pastor Fido:

Cosi noi la bellezza
Ch' è vertù nostra cosi propria, come
La forza del leone,
E l'ingegno de l' huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peculiar boon, by Heav'n assign'd.

" An elegant explication of the beauties of this ode (says Degen) may be found in Grimm an den Anmerk. über einige Oden des Anakr."

A hoof of strength she lent the steed,
And wing'd the timorous hare with speed.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, o'er the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.
Then, what, oh woman, what, for thee,
Was left in Nature's treasury?

To man she gave, in that proud hour,
The boon of intellectual power.] In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted φρονημα, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For, why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

——— the books, the academies.
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

She gave thee beauty — mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.
Nor steel, nor fire itself hath power
Like woman, in her conquering hour.
Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

She gave thee beauty — mightier far
Than all the pomp and power of war.] Thus Achilles Tatius:— καλλος οξυτερον τιτρωσκει βελους, και δια των οφθαλμων εις την ψυχην καταρρει. Οφθαλμος γαρ ὁδος ερωτικῳ τραυματι. "Beauty wounds more swiftly than the arrow, and passes through the eye to the very soul; for the eye is the inlet to the wounds of love."

Be thou but fair, mankind adore thee,
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!] Longepierre's remark here is ingenious:— "The Romans," says he, "were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, act 2. scene 2. Bacchid.

Sed Bacchis etiam fortis tibi visa.

'Fortis, id est formosa,' say Servius and Nonius."

ODE XXV

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours for ever smile.
And thus thy pinion rests and roves,—
Alas! unlike the swarm of Loves,
That brood within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!

We have here another ode addressed to the swallow. Alberti has imitated both in one poem, beginning

Perch' io pianga al tuo canto,
Rondinella importuna, &c.

Alas! unlike the swarm of loves,
That brood within this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!] Thus Love is repre-

Still every year, and all the year,
They fix their fated dwelling here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Still lurk a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.

sented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the Anthologia :—

Αιει μοι δυνει μεν εν ουασιν ηχος ερωτος,
Ομμα δε σιγα ποθοις το γλυκυ δακρυ φερει.
Ουδ' ἡ νυξ, ου φεγγος εκοιμισεν, αλλ' ὑπο φιλτρων
Ηδε που κραδιη γνωστος ενεστι τυπος.
Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ' εφιπτασθαι μεν ερωτες
Οιδατ', αποπτηναι δ' ουθ' ὁσον ισχυετε,

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my soul hath rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.

A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.

Oh, bird of Love! with song so drear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
But, let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

Thus peopled, like the vernal groves,
My breast resounds with warbling Loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And fast as they thus take their flight,
Still other urchins spring to light.
But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart;
Ah, no! I fear, in sadness fear,
They will for ever nestle here!

ODE XXVI.

Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
With other wars my song shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart,
That drank the current of my heart;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed;
No — 'twas from eyes of liquid blue,
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew;

" The German poet Uz has imitated this ode. Compare also Weisse Scherz. Lieder, lib. iii., der Soldat." Gail, Degen.

No — 'twas from eyes of liquid blue
A host of quiver'd Cupids flew:] Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the Anthologia, which has a fancy something like this.

Ου με λεληθας,
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφιλας ομμασι κρυπτομενος.

Archer Love! though slily creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie;

And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath that army of the eyes!

I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenophelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress "un petit camp d'amours."

ODE XXVII.

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And, by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;

This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS. but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Ramler Wahrzeichen der Liebe, in Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p. 313."

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;] "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.

M. La Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon:—

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,

Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark!

Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame that in his bosom lies;
His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes:
And while his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks ev'n more than they.

ODE XXVIII.

As, by his Lemnian forge's flame,
The husband of the Paphian dame
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm;
And Venus, as he plied his art,
Shed honey round each new-made dart,
While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;

This ode is referred to by La Mothe le Vayer, who, I believe, was the author of that curious little work, called "Hexameron Rustique." He makes use of this, as well as the thirty-fifth, in his ingenious but indelicate explanation of Homer's Cave of the Nymphs. — Journée Quatrième.

While Love, at hand, to finish all,
Tipp'd every arrow's point with gall;] Thus Claudian: —

Labuntur gemini fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusis corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

It chanc'd the Lord of Battles came
To visit that deep cave of flame.
'Twas from the ranks of war he rush'd
His spear with many a life-drop blush'd;
He saw the fiery darts, and smil'd
Contemptuous at the archer-child.
"What!" said the urchin, "dost thou smile?
Here, hold this little dart awhile,
And thou wilt find, though swift of flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light."

Mars took the shaft—and, oh, thy look,
Sweet Venus, when the shaft he took!—

See Alciatus, emblem 91., on the close connection which subsists between sweets and bitterness. "Apes ideo pungunt (says Petronius), quia ubi dulce, ibi et acidum invenies."

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy: —

——— ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentes acuens sagittas
Cote cruentâ.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts,
Upon a whetstone stain'd with blood of hearts.

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat softened the image by the omission of the epithet "cruentâ."

Fallor an ardentes acuebat cote sagittas? Eleg. 1.

Sighing, he felt the urchin's art,
And cried, in agony of heart,
"It is not light—I sink with pain!
Take—take thy arrow back again."
"No," said the child, "it must not be;
That little dart was made for thee!"

ODE XXIX.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be lov'd again!

Yes — loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still; &c.] The following Anacreontic, addressed by Menage to Daniel Huet, enforces, with much grace, the "necessity of loving·"—

Περι του δειν φιλησαι.
Προς Πετρον Δανιηλα Ὑετιον.

Μεγα θαυμα των αοιδων,
Χαριτων θαλος, Ὑεττε,
Φιλεωμεν, ω ἑταιρε.
Φιλεησαν οἱ σοφισται.
Φιλεησε σεμνος ανηρ,
Το τεκνον του Σωφρονισκου,
Σοφιης πατηρ απασης.
Τι δ' ανευ γενοιτ' Ερωτος;
Ακονη μεν εστι ψυχης.*
Πτερυγεσσιν εις Ολυμπον

* This line is borrowed from an epigram by Alpheus of Mitylene which Menage, I think, says somewhere he was himself the first to produce to the world:—

Ψυχης εστιν Ερως ακονη.

Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, noble birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring smile.

•

Κατακειμενους αναιρει.
Βραδεας τετηγμενοισι
Βελεεσι εξαγειρει.
Πυρι λαμπαδος φαεινω
Ρυπαρωτερους καθαιρει.
Φιλεωμεν ουν, Ὑεττε,
Φιλεωμεν ω ἑταιρε.
Αδικως δε λοιδορουντι
Αγιους ερωτας ἡμων
Κακον ευξομαι το μουνον,
Ἱνα μη δυναιτ' εκεινος
Φιλεειν τε και φιλεισθαι.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nurst;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learn'd before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refined.

Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant heaven!
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!

When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;
When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free,
(If indeed such hearts there be,)
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms:
And oh! the worst of all its arts,
It rends asunder loving hearts.

ODE XXX.

'Twas in a mocking dream of night—
I fancied I had wings as light
As a young bird's, and flew as fleet;
While Love, around whose beauteous feet,
I knew not why, hung chains of lead,
Pursued me, as I trembling fled;
And, strange to say, as swift as thought,
Spite of my pinions, I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, sweet maid, have stol'n its rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Hath hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolv'd each passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by love till now!

Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our poet married very late in life. But I see nothing in the ode which alludes to matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet of Cupid; and I agree in the opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to marry.

ODE XXXI.

Arm'd with hyacinthine rod,
(Arms enough for such a god,)
Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.

The design of this little fiction is to intimate, that much greater pain attends insensibility than can ever result from the tenderest impressions of love. Longepierre has quoted an ancient epigram which bears some similitude to this ode: —

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me sævus Amor prensum, sursumque capillis
Excitat, et lacerum pervigilare jubet.
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
Solus Io, solus, dure jacere potes?
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propero, nunc ire piget; rursumque redire
Pœnitet; et pudor est stare via media.
Ecce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque ferarum,
Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
Solus ego ex cunctis paveo somnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound,

O'er many a torrent, wild and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;

When Cupid came and snatch'd me from my bed,
And forc'd me many a weary way to tread.
"What! (said the god) shall you, whose vows are known,
Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?"
I rise and follow; all the night I stray,
Unshelter'd, trembling, doubtful of my way;
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interr'd,
Nor warbling birds, nor lowing flocks are heard,
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
Passion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wander the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

Till my brow dropp'd with chilly dew.] I have followed those who read τειρεν ἱδρως for πειρεν ὑδρος; the former is partly anthorised by the MS. which reads πειρεν ἱδρως.

And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying; &c.] In the original, he says, his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich quoted by Aulus Gellius: —

And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hover'd o'er my head,
And fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
"Why hast thou been a foe to loving?

Την ψυχην, Αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον.
Ηλθε γαρ ἡ τλημων ὡς διαθησομενη.

Whene'er thy nectar'd kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in trance divine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

Aulus. Gellius subjoins a paraphrase of this epigram, in which we find a number of those *mignardises* of expression, which mark the effemination of the Latin language.

And fanning light his breezy pinion,
Rescued my soul from death's dominion;] "The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solicitudes which he may occasion." — *La Fosse.*

ODE XXXII.

Strew me a fragrant bed of leaves,
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!
In this sweet hour of revelry
Young Love shall my attendant be—

We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making Ερως the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho, in one of her fragments, has assigned this office to Venus. Ελθε, Κυπρι, χρυσειαισιν εν κυλικεσσιν ἁβροις συμμεμιγμενον θαλιαισι νεκταρ οινοχουσα τουτοισι τοις ἑταιροις εμοις γε και σοις.

Which may be thus paraphrased: —

Hither, Venus, queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses;
This the night, to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye;
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush.

Drest for the task, with tunic round
His snowy neck and shoulders bound,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!

Oh, swift as wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust, to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Then wherefore waste the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb?
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the still, cold sense of death?
Oh no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flowing;

Goddess, hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not thine!

"Compare with this ode (says the German commentator) the beautiful poem in Ramler's Lyr. Blumenlese, lib. iv. p.296., 'Amor als Diener.'"

Now let the rose, with blush of fire,
Upon my brow in sweets expire;
And bring the nymph whose eye hath power
To brighten even death's cold hour.
Yes, Cupid! ere my shade retire,
To join the blest elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and social cheer,
I'll make my own elysium here!

ODE XXXIII.

'Twas noon of night, when round the pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away:
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And wak'd me with a piteous prayer,
To shield him from the midnight air.
"And who art thou," I waking cry.
"That bid'st my blissful visions fly?"

M. Bernard, the author of L'Art d'aimer, has written a ballet called "Les Surprises de l'Amour," in which the subject of the third entrée is Anacreon, and the story of this ode suggests one of the scenes. — Œuvres de Bernard, Anac. scene 4th.

The German annotator refers us here to an imitation by Uz, lib. iii., "Amor und sein Bruder;" and a poem of Kleist, "die Heilung." La Fontaine has translated, or rather imitated, this ode.

"*And who art thou,*" *I waking cry,*
"*That bid'st my blissful visions fly?*"] Anacreon appears

"Ah, gentle sire!" the infant said,
"In pity take me to thy shed;
Nor fear deceit: a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way!"

I heard the baby's tale of woe;
I heard the bitter night-winds blow
And sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimm'd my lamp and op'd the gate.
'Twas Love! the little wandering sprite,
His pinion sparkled through the night.
I knew him by his bow and dart;
I knew him by my fluttering heart.
Fondly I take him in, and raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze;
Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,

to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the odes x. and xxxvii.

'*Twas Love! the little wandering sprite, &c.*] See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.

And now the embers' genial ray
Had warm'd his anxious fears away;
" I pray thee," said the wanton child,
(My bosom trembled as he smil'd,)
" I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wander'd so,
That much I fear, the midnight shower
Has injur'd its elastic power."
The fatal bow the urchin drew:
Swift from the string the arrow flew;
As swiftly flew as glancing flame,
And to my inmost spirit came!
" Fare thee well," I heard him say,
As laughing wild he wing'd away;
" Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relax'd my bow;
It still can send a thrilling dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart!"

ODE XXXIV.

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect, that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,
That happiest kings may envy thee.

In a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, Rapin has preserved some of the thoughts of our author: —

O quæ virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidis, et herbidos
Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa ciere cantus.
Seu forte adultis floribus incubas,
Cœli caducis ebria fletibus, &c.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
Reclinest soft, and tun'st thy song,
The dewy herbs and leaves among!
Whether thou ly'st on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, &c.

See what Licetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 93. and 185.

And chirp thy song with such a glee, &c.] "Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier), that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the

Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whate'er the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.
Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew;
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear,
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;

comic poet, who says *ειτ' εισιν οἱ τεττιγες ουκ ευδαιμονες, ὡν ταις γυναιξιν ουδ' ὁτι ουν φωνης ενι*; 'are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives'?" This note is originally Henry Stephen's; but I chose rather to make a lady my authority for it.

The Muses love thy shrilly tone; &c.] Phile, de Animal. Proprietat. calls this insect *Μουσαις φιλος*, the darling of the Muses; and *Μουσων ορνιν*, the bird of the Muses; and we find Plato compared for his eloquence to the grasshopper, in the following punning lines of Timon, preserved by Diogenes Laertius: —

Των παντων δ' ηγειτο πλατυστατος, αλλ' αγορητης

'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'T is he who tunes thy minstrelsy.

Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect, child of earth,
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is pass'd by thee,
Thou seem'st—a little deity!

Ἡδυεπης τεττιξιν ισογραφος, οἱ θ' Ἑκαδημου
Δενδρει εφεζομενοι οπα λειριοεσσαν ἱεισι.

This last line is borrowed from Homer's Iliad, γ. where there occurs the very same simile.

Melodious insect, child of earth,] Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater, from the first book of the Anthologia, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

Αρκει τεττιγας μεθυσαι δροσος, αλλα πιοντες
Αειδειν κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

ODE XXXV.

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl; but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and naïveté of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude, begins thus: —

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap;
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by hap, &c. &c.

In Almeloveen's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I may be pardoned, perhaps, for introducing here another of Menage's Anacreontics, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint

The bee awak'd—with anger wild
The bee awak'd, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;

traces of the same natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved: —

Ερως ποτ' εν χορειαις
Των παρθενων αωτον,
Την μοι φιλην Κορινναν,
'Ως ειδεν, ὡς προς αυτην
Προσεδραμε· τραχηλω
Διδυμας τε χειρας απτων
Φιλει με, μητερ, ειπε.
Καλουμενη Κορινα,
Μητηρ, ερυθριαζει,
'Ως παρθενος μεν ουσα.
Κ' αυτος δε δυσχεραινων,
'Ως ομμασι πλανηθεις,
Ερως ερυθριαζει.
Εγω, δε οἱ παραστας,
Μη δυσχεραινε, φημι.
Κυπριν τε και Κορινναν
Διαγνωσαι ουκ εχουσι
Και οἱ βλεποντες οξυ.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
The flow'ret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;

"Oh mother!—I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild-bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

Saying, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy!"
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving—
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame!
It made ev'n Cupid blush with shame.
"Be not asham'd, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
And take thy Venus for the maid."

Zitto, in his Cappriciosi Pensieri, has given a translation of this ode of Anacreon.

ODE XXXVI.

If hoarded gold possess'd the power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore!
And every hour should swell my store;
That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion,

Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the sbades, where, on weigbing the merits of both these personages, he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

"The German imitators of this ode are, Lessing, in his poem 'Gestern Brüder,' &c.; Gleim, in the ode 'An den Tod;' and Schmidt in der Poet. Blumenl., Gotting. 1783, p. 7." — *Degen.*

That when Death came, with shadowy pinion,
To waft me to his bleak dominion, &c.] The commentators, who are so fond of disputing "de lanâ caprinâ," bave been very busy on tbe authority of the phrase ἱν' αν θανειν επελθη. The reading of ἱν' αν Θανατος επελθη, which De Medenbach proposes in his Amœnitates Literariæ, was already hinted by Le Fevre, who seldom suggests any thing worth notice

I might, by bribes, my doom delay,
And bid him call some distant day.
But, since, not all earth's golden store
Can buy for us one bright hour more,
Why should we vainly mourn our fate,
Or sigh at life's uncertain date?
Nor wealth nor grandeur can illume
The silent midnight of the tomb.
No — give to others hoarded treasures —
Mine be the brilliant round of pleasures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends
Whose social souls the goblet blends;
And mine, while yet I've life to live,
Those joys that love alone can give.

The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose social souls the goblet blends;] This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity. Υγιαινειν μεν αριστον ανδρι θνητω. Δευτερον δε, καλον φυην γενεσθαι. Το τριτον δε, πλουτειν αδολως. Και το τεταρτον συνεβαν μετα των φιλων.

Of mortal blessings here the first is health,
And next those charms by which the eye we move;
The third is wealth, unwounding guiltless wealth,
And then, sweet intercourse with those we love!

ODE XXXVII.

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warm'd my thirsty soul;
As lull'd in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy play'd.
With maidens, blooming as the dawn,
I seem'd to skim the opening lawn;

" Compare with this ode the beautiful poem 'der Traum' of Uz." — *Degen.*

Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which he appears to have suffered for his Anacreon. " Fuit olim fateor (says he in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo illa me perditissima fœmina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone, (Anacreontem dico, si nescis, Lector,) noli sperare, &c. &c." He adduces on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of: —

Ουδεις φιλοποτης εστιν ανθρωπος κακος.

" No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man."

Light, on tiptoe bath'd in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!

Some ruddy striplings, who look'd on —
With cheeks, that like the wine-god's shone,
Saw me chasing, free and wild,
These blooming maids, and slyly smil'd;
Smil'd indeed with wanton glee,
Though none could doubt they envied me.
And still I flew — and now had caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly thought
To gather from each rosy lip
A kiss that Jove himself might sip —
When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,

When sudden all my dream of joys,
Blushing nymphs and laughing boys,
All were gone!] "Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses, —

Εγρομενος δε
Παρθενον ουκ εκιχησε, και ηθελεν αυθις ιαυειν."

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
The nymph had faded from his arms;
Again to slumber he essay'd,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid LONGEPIERRE.

All were gone!—"Alas!" I said,
Sighing for th' illusion fled,
"Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!"

"*Again, sweet sleep, that scene restore,*
Oh! let me dream it o'er and o'er!"] Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that poet, who pretended, in every little coincidence of thought, to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us:—"I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion."

ODE XXXVIII.

Let us drain the nectar'd bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell;
The god who taught the sons of earth
To thrid the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nurs'd with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
So oft has fondled in her arms.
Oh 'tis from him the transport flows,
Which sweet intoxication knows;

"Compare with this beautiful ode to Bacchus the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v., 'das Gesellschaftliche;' and of Bürger, p. 51, &c. &c." — *Degen.*

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms,
So oft has fondled in her arms.] Robertellus, upon the epithalamium of Catullus, mentions an ingenious derivation of Cytheræa, the name of Venus, παρα το κευθειν τους ερωτας, which seems to hint that "Love's fairy favours are lost, when not concealed."

With him, the brow forgets its gloom,
And brilliant graces learn to bloom.

Behold!—my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sparkling foam lights up the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Say, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern with all our lore,
The path we've yet to journey o'er?
Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'Tis only wine can strike a spark.

Alas, alas, in ways so dark,
'T is only wine can strike a spark!] The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the Anthologia.

Λουσαμενοι, Προδικη, πυκασωμεθα, και τον ακρατον
Ἑλκωμεν, κυλικας μειζονας αραμενοι.
Ῥαιος ὁ χαιροντων εστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
Γηρας κωλυσει, και το τελος θανατος.

Of which the following is a paraphrase: —

Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering glide;
Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chaf'd to fragrant death;
Or from the lips of love inhale
A more ambrosial, richer gale!
To hearts that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectar'd bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectar'd bowl, the choral swell!

Let's fly, my love, from noonday's beam,
To plunge us in yon cooling stream;
Then, hastening to the festal bower,
We'll pass in mirth the evening hour;
'Tis thus our age of bliss shall fly,
As sweet, though passing as that sigh,
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
" Come, while you may, of rapture sip."
For age will steal the graceful form,
Will chill the pulse, while throbbing warm;
And death — alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should e'er be still!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping through the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.

Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.] Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl.

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassée nos années;
Ne regardez que mon amour;
Peut-être en serez vous émue.
Il est jeune et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vu.

Fair and young thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.
My love's a child; and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
When first I set my eyes on thee!

ODE XL.

I KNOW that Heaven hath sent me here,
To run this moral life's career;
The scenes which I have journeyed o'er,
Return no more — alas! no more;
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Away, then, wizard Care, nor think
Thy fetters round this soul to link;
Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!

Never can heart that feels with me
Descend to be a slave to thee!] Longepierre quotes here an epigram from the Anthologia, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase. Though by no means anacreontic, it is marked by an interesting simplicity which has induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion.

Ελπις και συ τυχη μεγα χαιρετε. τον λιμεν' εὑρον.
Ουδεν εμοι χ' ὑμιν, παιζετε τους μετ' εμε.

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.

And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,
I'll gather Joy's luxuriant flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!

The charm that once beguil'd is o'er,
And I have reach'd my destin'd shore.
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!] The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, in which he makes him promulgate the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb.

Πολλακι μεν τοδ' αεισα, και εκ τυμβου δε βοησω,
Πινετε, πριν ταυτην αμφιβαλησθε κονιν.

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
"Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I."

ODE XLI.

When Spring adorns the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the west wind's gentle sighs,
As o'er the scented mead it flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to burst in tears of wine;
And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,
Or sit in some cool, green recess —
Oh, is not this true happiness?

And with some maid, who breathes but love,
To walk, at noontide, through the grove,] Thus Horace: —

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi. Lib. iv. Carm. 13.

And does there then remain but this,
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breath'd the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

ODE XLII.

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine.
Around me, let the youthful choir
Respond to my enlivening lyre;
And while the red cup foams along,
Mingle in soul as well as song.

The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonised pleasures, is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode: —

Ου φιλος, ὁς κρητηρι παρα πλεω οινοποταζων,
Νεικεα και πολεμον δακρυοεντα λεγει.
Αλλ' ὁστις Μουσεων τε, και αγλαα δωρ' Αφροδιτης
Συμμισγων, ερατης μνησκεται ευφροσυνης.

When to the lip the brimming cup is prest,
And hearts are all afloat upon its stream,
Then banish from my board th' unpolish'd guest,
Who makes the feats of war his barbarous theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower;
Oh! give me him, whose soul expansive breathes
And blends refinement with the social hour.

Then, while I sit, with flow'rets crown'd,
To regulate the goblet's round,
Let but the nymph, our banquet's pride,
Be seated smiling by my side,
And earth has not a gift or power
That I would envy, in that hour.
Envy!—oh never let its blight
Touch the gay hearts met here to-night.
Far hence be slander's sidelong wounds,
Nor harsh dispute, nor discord's sounds
Disturb a scene, where all should be
Attuned to peace and harmony.

Come, let us hear the harp's gay note
Upon the breeze inspiring float,
While round us, kindling into love,
Young maidens through the light dance move.
Thus blest with mirth, and love, and peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

While our rosy fillets shed
Freshness o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings,
Some airy nymph, with graceful bound,
Keeps measure to the music's sound;

And while the harp, impassion'd, flings
Tuneful rapture from its strings, &c.] Respecting the barbiton a host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The authors * extant upon the subject are, I imagine, little understood; and certainly if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody; for this is a nicety of progression, of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed

* Collected by Meibomius.

Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Trembles all over to her sighs.
A youth the while, with loosen'd hair,
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas, his own;
And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the accents die!
Never sure on earth has been
Half so bright, so blest a scene.

to Anacreon. See his fourth book, where it is called *το εὕρημα του Ανακρεοντος*. Neanthes of Cyzicus, as quoted by Gyraldus, asserts the same. Vide Chabot, in Horat. on the words "Lesboum barbiton," in the first ode.

And oh, the sadness in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the accents die!] Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the Anthologia: —

Κουρη τις μ' εφιλησε ποθεσπερα χειλεσιν ὑγροις.
Νεκταρ ειην το φιλημα. το γαρ στομα νεκταρος επνει.
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, πολυν τον ερωτα πεπωκως.

Of which the following paraphrase may give some idea: —

The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh.

It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home;—
And Venus, too, with all her wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!

From the moment she printed that kiss,
Nor reason, nor rest has been mine;
My whole soul has been drunk with the bliss,
And feels a delirium divine!

It seems as Love himself had come
To make this spot his chosen home;—] The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity!] Κωμος, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures, gives a very lively description of this god.

ODE XLIV.

Buds of roses, virgin flowers,
Cull'd from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep.
Twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose, thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower;
Rose, thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild.

This spirited poem is a eulogy on the rose; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is fancifully styled "the eye of flowers;" and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse "the roses of Pieria." See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

"Compare with this ode (says the German annotator) the beautiful ode of Uz, 'die Rose.'"

Even the Gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid, too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me, showers of roses bring,
And shed them o'er me while I sing,
Or while, great Bacchus, round thy shrine,
Wreathing my brow with rose and vine,
I lead some bright nymph through the dance,
Commingling soul with every glance!

When with the blushing, sister Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.] "This sweet idea of Love dancing with the Graces, is almost peculiar to Anacreon." — *Degen.*

I lead some bright nymph through the dance, &c.] The epithet βαθυκολπος, which he gives to the nymph, is literally "full-bosomed."

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be seal'd in sleep.
Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way;
But wisely quaff the rosy wave,
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus gave;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep.

Then let us never vainly stray,
In search of thorns, from pleasure's way; &c.] I have thus endeavoured to convey the meaning of τι δε τον βιον πλανωμαι; according to Regnier's paraphrase of the line: —

E che val, fuor della strada
Del piacere alma e gradita,
Vaneggiare in questa vita?

ODE XLVI.

Behold, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her scented wing;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.

The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patch-work of some miserable versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me, on the contrary, to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. The abruptness of ιδε πως εαρος φανεντος is striking and spirited, and has been imitated rather languidly by Horace: —

Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
Soracte ——

The imperative ιδε is infinitely more impressive; — as in Shakspeare,

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

There is a simple and poetical description of Spring, in Catullus's beautiful farewell to Bithynia. Carm. 44.

Barnes conjectures, in his life of our poet, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; where, in a little villa at some distance

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep;
And mark! the flitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away;

from the city, commanding a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. Vide Barnes, in Anac. Vita, § xxxv. This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasing association, which renders the poem more interesting.

Chevreau says, that Gregory Nazianzenus has paraphrased somewhere this description of Spring; but I cannot meet with it. See Chevreau, Œuvres Mêlées.

"Compare with this ode (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, book fourth, 'der Frühling,' and book fifth, 'der Mai.'"

While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way.] De Pauw reads, Χαριτας ῥοδα βρυουσιν, "the roses display their graces." This is not uningenious; but we lose by it the beauty of the personification, to the boldness of which Regnier has rather frivolously objected.

The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languish'd into silent sleep; &c.] It has been justly remarked, that the liquid flow of the line απαλυνεται γαληνη is perfectly expressive of the tranquillity which it describes.

And cultur'd field, and winding stream,
Are freshly glittering in his beam.

Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see,
Nursing into luxury.

And cultur'd field, and winding stream, &c.] By βροτων εργα "the works of men" (says Baxter), he means cities, temples, and towns, which are then illuminated by the beams of the sun.

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet can I quaff the brimming wine,
As deep as any stripling fair,
Whose cheeks the flush of morning wear;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm call'd to wind the dance's clue,
Then shalt thou see this vigorous hand,
Not faltering on the Bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!

But brandishing a rosy flask, &c.] Ασκος was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb *ασκος και δυλακος*, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus, from the Hesione of Alexis.

The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask!] Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

Let those, who pant for Glory's charms,
Embrace her in the field of arms;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond this bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its brimming wave.
For though my fading years decay,
Though manhood's prime hath pass'd away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrow'd from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies o'er again!

ODE XLVIII.

When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lull'd to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,
While my soul expands with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me
If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away!

Ivy leaves my brow entwining, &c.] "The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine." Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, &c. &c.

Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;
But let *me*, my budding vine!
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me—
Who think it better, wiser far
To fall in banquet than in war.

Arm ye, arm ye, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight;] I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others: —

Altri segua Marte fero;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto.

ODE XLIX.

When Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul—
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet,

This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely chansons à boire;—the effusions probably of the moment of conviviality, and afterwards sung, we may imagine, with rapture throughout Greece. But that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can now be little felt even by the most enthusiastic reader; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul — &c.] Αναιος is the title which he gives to Bacchus in the original. It is a curious circumstance, that Plutarch mistook the name of Levi among the Jews for Λεῦι (one of the bacchanal cries), and accordingly supposed that they worshipped Bacchus.

Calling up round me visions known
To lovers of the bowl alone.

Sing, sing of love, let music's sound
In melting cadence float around,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
Responsive to its murmurs sigh.
Then, waking from our blissful trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;
And freshen'd by the goblet's dews,
My soul invokes the heavenly Muse.

Faber thinks this Ode spurious; but, I believe, he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, "it smells of Anacreon."

The form of the original is remarkable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrain stanzas, each beginning with the line

Ὁτ' εγω πιω τον οινον.

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

"Compare with this poem (says Degen) the verses of Hagedorn, lib. v., 'der Wein,' where that divine poet has wantoned in the praises of wine."

When wine I quaff, before my eyes
Dreams of poetic glory rise;] "Anacreon is not the only one (says Longepierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. We find an epigram in the first book of the Anthologia, which begins thus: —

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας πελει ἱππος αοιδῳ,
Ὑδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις επος.

When wine I drink, all sorrow's o'er;
I think of doubts and fears no more;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind.
When I drink wine, th' ethereal boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy;
And while we dance through vernal bowers,
Whose ev'ry breath comes fresh from flowers,
In wine he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but him!

Again I drink,—and, lo, there seems
A calmer light to fill my dreams;

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write any thing wise;
For wine's the true horse of Parnassus,
Which carries a bard to the skies!

And while we dance through vernal bowers, &c.] If some of the translators had observed Doctor Trapp's caution, with regard to πολυανθεσιν μ' εν αυραις, "Cave ne cœlum intelligas," they would not have spoiled the simplicity of Anacreon's fancy, by such extravagant conceptions as the following: —

Quand je bois, mon œil s'imagine
Que, dans un tourbillon plein de parfums divers,
Bacchus m' importe dans les airs,
Rempli de sa liqueur divine.

The lately ruffled wreath I spread
With steadier hand around my head;
Then take the lyre, and sing "how blest
The life of him who lives at rest!"
But then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train;
And, while rich perfumes round me rise,
That seem the breath of woman's sighs,
Bright shapes, of every hue and form,
Upon my kindling fancy swarm,
Till the whole world of beauty seems
To crowd into my dazzled dreams!
When thus I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines;
Rises in the genial flow,
That none but social spirits know,
When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!

Or this: —

Indi mi mena
Mentre lieto ebro, deliro,
Baccho in giro
Per la vaga aura serena.

When, with young revellers, round the bowl,
The old themselves grow young in soul!] Subjoined to

Oh, when I drink, true joy is mine,
There's bliss in every drop of wine.
All other blessings I have known,
I scarcely dar'd to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till death o'ershadows all my joy.

Gail's edition of Anacreon, we find some curious letters upon the Θιασοι of the ancients, which appeared in the French Journals. At the opening of the Odéon in Paris, the managers of that spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for their fêtes. He suggested the word "Thiase," which was adopted; but the literati of Paris questioned the propriety of the term, and addressed their criticisms to Gail through the medium of the public prints.

ODE LI.

Fly not thus my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though youth's brilliant flush be thine,
Still I'm doom'd to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou couldst sigh for me!

Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it: —

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspice ut intextas deceant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mista rosis.

Oh! why repel my soul's impassion'd vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
Is it, that wintry time has strew'd my brow,
While thine are all the summer's roseate charms?

See the rich garland cull'd in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
So, in Love's wreath we both may twine together,
And I the lily be, and thou the rose.

See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid,
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark, how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

See, in yonder flowery braid,
Cull'd for thee, my blushing maid!] "In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the beauty of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavours to recommend his black hair: —

Και το ιον μελαν εστι, και ἁ γραπτα ὑακινθος,
Αλλ' εμπας εν τοις στεφανοις τα πρωτα λεγονται."
Longepierre, Barnes, &c.

ODE LII.

Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?
They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?
Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine,

" This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon; for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known." — *Degen.*

Though this ode is found in the Vatican manuscript, I am much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for though the dawnings of the art of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning, as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. Πασαν παιδειαν μακαριοι φευγετε, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythocles.

Teach me this, and let me twine
Some fond, responsive heart to mine.] By χρυσης Αφροδιτης

For, age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.

Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink.
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there's an end — for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!

here, I understand some beautiful girl, in the same manner that Ἀναιος is often used for wine. "Golden" is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, "Venus aurea;" and in Propertius, "Cynthia aurea." Tibullus, however, calls an old woman "golden."

The translation d'Autori Anonimi, as usual, wantons on this passage of Anacreon:

E m' insegni con piu rare
Forme accorte d'involare
Ad amabile beltade
Il bel cinto d' onestade.

And there's an end — for ah, you know
They drink but little wine below!] Thus Mainard: —

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses lois
Nous ont enfermés une fois

Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bon repas;
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

From Mainard, Gombauld, and De Cailly, old French poets, some of the best epigrams of the English language have been borrowed.

ODE LIII.

When I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.
Come, Cybeba, smiling maid!
Cull the flower and twine the braid;
Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows;

Bid the blush of summer's rose
Burn upon my forehead's snows; &c.] Licetus, in his Hieroglyphica, quoting two of our poet's odes, where he calls to his attendants for garlands, remarks, "Constat igitur floreas coronas poetis et potantibus in symposio convenire, non autem sapientibus et philosophiam affectantibus." — "It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy." On this principle, in his 152d chapter, he discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus, as fallen off; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. Such is the "labor ineptiarum" of commentators!

And let me, while the wild and young
Trip the mazy dance along,
Fling my heap of years away,
And be as wild, as young, as they.
Hither haste, some cordial soul!
Help to my lips the brimming bowl;
And you shall see this hoary sage
Forget at once his locks and age.
He still can chant the festive hymn,
He still can kiss the goblet's brim;
As deeply quaff, as largely fill,
And play the fool right nobly still.

He still can kiss the goblet's brim; &c.] Wine is prescribed by Galen, as an excellent medicine for old men: "Quod frigidos et humoribus expletos calefaciat, &c.;" but Nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, "that wine makes an old man dance, whether he will or not."

Λογος εστ' αρχαιος, ου κακως εχων,
Οινον λεγουσι τους γεροντας, ω πατερ,
Πειθειν χορεειν ου θελοντας.

ODE LIV.

Methinks, the pictur'd bull we see
Is amorous Jove — it must be he!
How fondly blest he seems to bear
That fairest of Phœnician fair!
How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
And spurns the billowy surge aside!
Could any beast of vulgar vein,
Undaunted thus defy the main?

"This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa." — *Madame Dacier.*

It may probably have been a description of one of those coins, which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman carried across the sea by a bull. Thus Natalis Comes, lib. viii. cap. 23. "Sidonii numismata cum fœminâ tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfretante cuderunt in ejus honorem." In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarté, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa.

The poet Moschus has left a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.

No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!

No: he descends from climes above,
He looks the God, he breathes of Jove!] Thus Moschus: —

Κρυψε θεον και τρεψε δεμας· και γινετο ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
And a bull's form belied th' almighty Jove.

ODE LV.

While we invoke the wreathed spring,
Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing:
Resplendent rose, the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes th' Olympian bowers;

This ode is a brilliant panegyric on the rose. "All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful."

From the idea of peculiar excellence, which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, ῥοδα μ' ειρηκας, "You have spoken roses," a phrase somewhat similar to the "dire des fleurettes" of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I douht not, a very curious application of the word ῥοδον, for which the inquisitive reader may consult Gaulminus upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is introduced in the romance of Theodorus. Muretus, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose: —

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas?) teneo; jam, rosa, te teneo. Eleg. 8.

Now I again may clasp thee, dearest,
What is there now, on earth, thou fearest?
Again these longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from Plautus; they were vulgar and

Whose virgin blush, of chasten'd dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's spring-tide season glows,
The Graces love to wreathe the rose;
And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives.
Oft hath the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung;

colloquial in his time, but are among the elegancies of the modern Latinists.

Passeratius alludes to the ode before us, in the beginning of his poem on the Rose: —

> Carmine digna rosa est; vellem caneretur ut illam
> Teius argutâ cecinit testudine vates.

Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing;] I have passed over the line συν ἑταιρει αυξει μελπην, which is corrupt in this original reading, and has been very little improved by the annotators. I should suppose it to be an interpolation, if it were not for a line which occurs afterwards: φερε δη φυσιν λεγωμεν.

And Venus, in its fresh-blown leaves, &c.] Belleau, in a note upon an old French poet, quoting the original here αφροδισιων τ'αθυρμα, translates it, "comme les délices et mignardises de Venus."

Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The rose's fair luxuriance sung; &c.] The following is a fragment of the Lesbian poetess. It is cited in the romance of Achilles Tatius, who appears to have resolved the numbers into prose. Ει τοις ανθεσιν ηθελεν ὁ Ζευς επιθειναι βασιλεα, το

And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
To cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe with tender hand away
The tear that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,

ῥοδον αν των ανθεων εβασιλευε. γης εστι κοσμος, φυτων αγλαϊσμα, οφθαλμος ανθεων, λειμωνος ερυθημα, καλλος αστραπτον. Ερωτος πνει, Αφροδιτην προξενει, ενειδεσι φυλλοις κομᾶ, ευκινητοις πεταλοις τρυφᾶ. το πεταλον τῳ Ζεφυρῳ γελᾶ.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The rose would be the choice of Jove,
And blush, the queen of every grove.
Sweetest child of weeping morning,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of gardens, light of lawns,
Nursling of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes,
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes,
And, to young Zephyr's warm caresses,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses,
Till, blushing with the wanton's play,
Its cheek wears ev'n a richer ray!

And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
That from the weeping buds arise.

When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale.
There's nought in nature bright or gay,
Where roses do not shed their ray.
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes;
Young nymphs betray the rose's hue,
O'er whitest arms it kindles through.
In Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.

The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;

When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes; &c.] In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, παρα των σοφων. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages: even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon—"fuit hæc sapientia quondam."

Preserves the cold inurned clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,

Preserves the cold inurned clay, &c.] He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming; and, perhaps (as Barnes thinks), to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. — Homer's Iliad ψ. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, Theb. lib. x. 782.

——— hi sertis, hi veris honore soluto
Accumulant artus, patriâque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum.

Where "veris honor," though it mean every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose, which our poet in another ode calls ἔαρος μελημα. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of Pierius, lib. lv. that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and Pierius has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

And mocks the vestige of decay:] When he says that this flower prevails over time itself, he still alludes to its efficacy in embalment (tenerâ poneret ossa rosâ. Propert. lib. i. eleg. 17.), or perhaps to the subsequent idea of its fragrance surviving its beauty; for he can scarcely mean to praise for duration the "nimium breves flores" of the rose. Philostratus compares this flower with love, and says, that they both defy the influence of time; χρονον δε ουτε Ερως, ουτε ῥοδα οιδεν. Unfortunately the similitude lies not in their duration, but their transience.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Listen, — for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by ocean's briny dews;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance;—
Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produc'd an infant flower,
Which sprung, in blushing glories drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent breast.

Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death!] Thus Casper Barlæus, in his Ritus Nuptiarum:

Ambrosium late rosa tunc quoque spargit odorem,
Cum fluit, aut multo languida sole jacet.

Nor then the rose its odour loses,
When all its flushing beauties die;
Nor less ambrosial balm diffuses.
When wither'd by the solar eye

The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose, the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who gave the glorious vine;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed, &c.] The author of the "Pervigilium Veneris" (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis —

—— rosæ
Fusæ aprino de cruore —

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for: —

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonim,
Gradivus stricto quem petit ense ferox,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamour'd queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,
On whom the jealous war-god rushes;
She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,
The snowy flowret feels her blood, and blushes!

ODE LVI.

He, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,
And taste, uncloy'd by rich excesses,
All the bliss that wine possesses;
He, who inspires the youth to bound
Elastic through the dance's round,—
Bacchus, the god again is here,
And leads along the blushing year;
The blushing year with vintage teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams,

"Compare with this elegant ode the verses of Uz, lib. i. 'die Weinlese.'" — *Degen.*

This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage; one of the επιληνιοι ὑμνοι, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a sort of reverence for these classic relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book, and the twenty-fifth of the third, for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!

Then, when the ripe and vermil wine, —
Blest infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells, —
Oh! when it bursts its roseate cells,
Brightly the joyous stream shall flow,
To balsam every mortal woe!
None shall be then cast down or weak,
For health and joy shall light each cheek;
No heart will then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly.
Thus — till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow.

Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth!] In the original ποτον αστονον κομιζων. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the nepenthé of Homer in his mind. Odyssey, lib. iv. This nepenthé was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, De Meré, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See Bayle, art. Helène.

ODE LVII.

WHOSE was the artist hand that spread
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?
And, in a flight of fancy, high
As aught on earthly wing can fly,

This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus Anadyomené, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16., it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Heyne, Brunck, &c. to denounce the whole poem as spurious. But, "non ego paucis offendar maculis." I think it is quite beautiful enough to be authentic.

Whose was the artist hand that spread
Upon this disk the ocean's bed?] The abruptness of αρα τις τορευσε ποντον, is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties, which we cannot but admire in their source, though, by frequent imitation, they are now become familiar and unimpressive.

Depicted thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form
Floating along the silv'ry sea
In beauty's naked majesty!
Oh! he hath given th' enamour'd sight
A witching banquet of delight,
Where, gleaming through the waters clear,
Glimpses of undreamt charms appear,
And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen.

Light as a leaf, that on the breeze
Of summer skims the glassy seas,
She floats along the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest;
While stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the heaving billows.

And all that mystery loves to screen,
Fancy, like Faith, adores unseen, &c.] The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and affords a happy specimen of what the poetry of passion *ought* to be — glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which, like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, is impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose,
Her neck, like April's sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's embraces.
Thus on she moves, in languid pride,
Encircled by the azure tide,
As some fair lily o'er a bed
Of violets bends its graceful head.

Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea dance,
Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And infant Love with smiles of fire!

Her bosom, like the dew-wash'd rose, &c.] "Ῥοδεων (says an anonymous annotator) is a whimsical epithet for the bosom." Neither Catullus nor Gray have been of his opinion. The former has the expression,

En hic in roseis latet papillis.

And the latter,

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours, &c.

Crottus, a modern Latinist, might indeed be censured for too vague a use of the epithet "rosy," when he applies it to the eyes: — "e roseis oculis."

——— *young Desire, &c.*] In the original Ἱμερος, who was the same deity with Jocus among the Romans. Aurelius Augurellus has a poem beginning —

While, glittering through the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp their gambols play,
And gleam along the watery way.

Invitat olim Bacchus ad cœnam suos
Comon, Jocum, Cupidinem.

Which Parnell has closely imitated: —

Gay Bacchus, liking Estcourt's wine,
A noble meal bespoke us;
And for the guests that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus, &c.

ODE LVIII.

When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,
And flies me (as he flies me ever),
Do I pursue him? never, never!

I have followed Barnes's arrangement of this ode, which, though deviating somewhat from the Vatican MS., appears to me the more natural order.

When Gold, as fleet as zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion, &c.] In the original Ὁ δραπετης ὁ χρυσος. There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysos, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues, there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are, in general, even more vapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

And flies me (as he flies me ever), &c.] Αει δ', αει με φευγει. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See Gyrald.

No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But, when I feel my lighten'd mind
No more by grovelling gold confin'd,
Then loose I all such clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs.
Then feel I, too, the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell,
Which, rous'd once more, to beauty sings,
While love dissolves along the strings!

But, scarcely has my heart been taught
How little Gold deserves a thought,
When, lo! the slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose genial art
In slumber seals the anxious heart.

Vet. Poet. Dial. 9. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia: —

Cœli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, &c.

Si sic omnia dixisset! — but the rest does not bear citation.

Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!

Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire,
Sweet the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
Thy wings can waft, thy mines can hold.
Well do I know thy arts, thy wiles—
They wither'd Love's young wreathed smiles;
And o'er his lyre such darkness shed,
I thought its soul of song was fled!
They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.

They dash'd the wine-cup, that, by him,
Was filled with kisses to the brim.] Original: —

Φιληματων δε κεδνων,
Ποθων κυπελλα κιρνης.

Horace has "Desiderîque temperare poculum," not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By "cups of kisses" our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim: —

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine."

Go—fly to haunts of sordid men,
But come not near the bard again.
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade,
Scares from her bower the tuneful maid;
And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense;
Give gold to those who love that pest,—
But leave the poet poor and blest.

As in Ben Jonson's translation from Philostratus; and Lucian has a conceit upon the same idea, "Ἱνα και πινης ἁμα και φιλης," "that you may at once both drink and kiss."

ODE LIX

Ripen'd by the solar beam,
Now the ruddy clusters teem,
In osier baskets borne along
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Ripe as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blushing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn

The title Επιληνιος ὑμνος, which Barnes has given to this ode, is by no means appropriate. We have already had one of those hymns (ode 56.), but this is a description of the vintage; and the title εις οινον, which it bears in the Vatican MS., is more correct than any that have been suggested.

Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion;—"non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare." But this is far from satisfactory criticism.

Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the charm'd and echoing air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their eyes,
The orient tide that sparkling flies,
The infant Bacchus, born in mirth,
While Love stands by, to hail the birth.

When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage-cup,
His feet, new-wing'd, from earth spring up,
And as he dances, the fresh air
Plays whispering through his silvery hair.
Meanwhile young groups whom love invites,
To joys ev'n rivalling wine's delights,
Seek, arm in arm, the shadowy grove,
And there, in words and looks of love,
Such as fond lovers look and say,
Pass the sweet moonlight hours away.*

* Those well acquainted with the original need hardly be reminded that, in these few concluding verses, I have thought right to give only the general meaning of my author, leaving the details untouched.

ODE LX.

Awake to life, my sleeping shell,
To Phœbus let thy numbers swell;
And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour
To him who gathers wisdom's flower.
Then wake thee from thy voiceless slumbers,
And to the soft and Phrygian numbers,
Which, tremblingly, my lips repeat,
Send echoes from thy chord as sweet.

This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon; and it is undoubtedly rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But, in a poet of whose works so small a proportion has reached us, diversity of style is by no means a safe criterion. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace eiting an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

'Tis thus the swan, with fading notes,
Down the Cayster's current floats,
While amorous breezes linger round,
And sigh responsive sound for sound.

Muse of the Lyre! illume my dream,
Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;
And hallow'd is the harp I bear,
And hallow'd is the wreath I wear,
Hallow'd by him, the god of lays,
Who modulates the choral maze.
I sing the love which Daphne twin'd
Around the godhead's yielding mind;
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight
From this ethereal son of Light;
And how the tender, timid maid
Flew trembling to the kindly shade,

And how the tender, timid maid
Flew trembling to the kindly shade, &c.] Original: —

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον,
Φυσεως δ' αμειψε μορφην.

I find the word κεντρον here has a double force, as it also signifies that "omnium parentem, quam sanctus Numa, &c. &c." (See Martial.) In order to confirm this import of the word

Resign'd a form, alas, too fair,
And grew a verdant laurel there;
Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,
In terror seem'd to tremble still!
The god pursu'd, with wing'd desire;
And when his hopes were all on fire,
And when to clasp the nymph he thought,
A lifeless tree was all he caught;
And, stead of sighs that pleasure heaves,
Heard but the west-wind in the leaves!

But, pause, my soul, no more, no more —
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?
This sweetly-mad'ning dream of soul
Hath hurried me beyond the goal.
Why should I sing the mighty darts
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,
When ah, the song, with sweeter tone,
Can tell the darts that wound my own?

here, those who are curious in new readings, may place the stop after φυσεως, thus: —

Το μεν εκπεφευγε κεντρον
Φυσεως, δ' αμειψε μορφην.

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:
Still let the nectar'd numbers float,
Distilling love in every note!
And when some youth, whose glowing soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear,
His heart will flutter to his ear,

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descant of the Teian lyre:] The original is Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου. I have translated it under the supposition that the hymn is by Anacreon; though, I fear, from this very line, that his claim to it can scarcely be supported.

Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου, "Imitate Anacreon." Such is the lesson given us by the lyrist; and if, in poetry, a simple elegance of sentiment, enriched by the most playful felicities of fancy, be a charm which invites or deserves imitation, where shall we find such a guide as Anacreon? In morality, too, with some little reserve, we need not blush, I think, to follow in his footsteps. For if his song be the language of his heart, though luxurious and relaxed, he was artless and benevolent; and who would not forgive a few irregularities, when atoned for by virtues so rare and so endearing? When we think of the sentiment in those lines: —

Away! I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound th' unwary heart,

how many are there in the world, to whom we would wish to say, Τον Ανακρεοντα μιμου!

And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine!

Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority helps to confirm the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number, which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes has quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken. I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy — the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω, he says, "Vatican MS. συσκιαζων, etiam Prisciano invito:" but the MS. reads συνκαλυψω, with συσκιασω interlined. Degen too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has τενιη with αι interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of τενδη. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. Αλαλημενη δ' επ' αυτη, while the latter has αλαλημενος δ' επ' αυτα. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

ODE LXI.

Youth's endearing charms are fled;
Hoary locks deform my head;
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.

The intrusion of this melancholy ode, among the careless levities of our poet, reminds us of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms, to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. "Quid habet illius, illius quæ spirabat amores?"

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.] Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode 11.; and thus in the second epistle, book ii.: —

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes;
Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away;
And wafts from our enamour'd arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom.
This it is that sets me sighing;
Dreary is the thought of dying!
Lone and dismal is the road,
Down to Pluto's dark abode;
And, when once the journey's o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!

Dreary is the thought of dying! &c.] Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis de Lafare —

Plus j'approche du terme et moins je le redoute, &c.

And, when once the journey's o'er,
Ah! we can return no more!] Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known lines, "Qui nunc it per iter, &c." remarks, that Acheron, with the same idea, is called *ανεξοδος* by Theocritus, and *δυσεκδρομος* by Nicander.

ODE LXII.

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;

This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x., and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet.

Degen refers us here to verses of Uz, lib. iv., "der Trinker."

But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow; &c.] It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded:

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavêre Lyæum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.

Pierius Valerianus.

Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight;
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song.

Which is, non verbum verbo, —

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Baechus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
Hence, still he loves the Naiad's crystal urn,
And when his native fires too fiercely burn,
Seeks the cool waters of the fountain-nymph.

ODE LXIII.

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes flowers;
To Love, for heaven and earth adore him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

"This fragment is preserved in Clemens Alexandrinus, Strom. lib. vi. and in Arsenius, Collect. Græc." — *Barnes.*

It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

ODE LXIV.

HASTE thee, nymph, whose well-aimed spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain-deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!
Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!

This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led some to doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (Isthmionic. od. ii. v. 1. as cited by Barnes) that Anacreon being asked, why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities? answered, "Because women are my deities."

I have assumed, it will be seen, in reporting this anecdote, the same liberty which I have thought it right to take in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always allowable in interpreting the writings of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation "tamen usque recurret."

Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
Tell them they shall mourn no more.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Must they, Dian — must they pine?

Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquish'd people mourn!] Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander. In its neighbourhood was the city called Magnesia, in favour of whose inhabitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

ODE LXV.

Like some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace, thou fly'st my courting.
Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doating heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins around that tender form,
However wild, however warm.
Yes—trust me I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course.

This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously through the poem, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polycrates.

Pierius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

Though, wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport amid the herbs and flowers,
Soon shalt thou feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wished-for goal!

ODE LXVI.

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;
To thee, who rul'st with darts of fire
This world of mortals, young Desire!
And oh! thou nuptial Power, to thee
Who bear'st of life the guardian key,
Breathing my soul in fervent praise,
And weaving wild my votive lays,
For thee, O Queen! I wake the lyre,
For thee, thou blushing young Desire,

This ode is introduced in the Romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scolium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of those poems: —

Ολβιε γαμβρε. σοι μεν δη γαμος ὡς αραο,
Εκτετελεστ', εχεις δε παρθενον αν αραο.

See Scaliger, in his Poetics, on the Epithalamium.

And oh! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
Come, and illume this genial hour.

Look on thy bride, too happy boy,
And while thy lambent glance of joy
Plays over all her blushing charms,
Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
Before the lovely, trembling prey,
Like a young birdling, wing away!
Turn, Stratocles, too happy youth,
Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
And dear to her, whose yielding zone
Will soon resign her all thine own.
Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh.
To those bewitching beauties turn;
For thee they blush, for thee they burn.

Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
Outblushes all the bloom of bowers,
Than she unrivall'd grace discloses,
The sweetest rose, where all are roses.
Oh! may the sun, benignant, shed
His blandest influence o'er thy bed;

And foster there an infant tree,
To bloom like her, and tower like thee!

And foster there an infant tree,
To bloom like her, and tower like thee!] Original Κυπαριττος δε πεφυκοι σευ ενι κηπω. Passeratius, upon the words "cum castum amisit florem," in the Nuptial Song of Catullus, after explaining "flos" in somewhat a similar sense to that which Gaulminus attributes to ῥοδον, says, "Hortum quoque vocant in quo flos ille carpitur, et Græcis κηπον εστι το εφηβαιον γυναικων."

I may remark, in passing, that the author of the Greek version of this charming ode of Catullus, has neglected a most striking and anacreontic beauty in those verses "Ut flos in septis, &c." which is the repetition of the line, "Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ," with the slight alteration of nulli and nullæ. Catullus himself, however, has been equally injudicious in his version of the famous ode of Sappho; having translated γελωσας ἱμεροεν, but omitted all notice of the accompanying charm, ἀδυ φωνουσας. Horace has caught the spirit of it more faithfully: —

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

ODE LXVII.

Rich in bliss, I proudly scorn
The wealth of Amalthea's horn;
Nor should I ask to call the throne
Of the Tartessian prince my own;
To totter through his train of years,
The victim of declining fears.
One little hour of joy to me
Is worth a dull eternity!

This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

Of the Tartessian prince my own;] He here alludes to Arganthonius, who lived, according to Lucian, an hundred and fifty years; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty. See Barnes.

ODE LXVIII.

Now Neptune's month our sky deforms,
The angry night-cloud teems with storms;
And savage winds, infuriate driven,
Fly howling in the face of heaven!
Now, now, my friends, the gathering gloom
With roseate rays of wine illume:
And while our wreaths of parsley spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
Let's hymn th' almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

This is composed of two fragments; the seventieth and eighty-first in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

ODE LXIX.

They wove the lotus band to deck
And fan with pensile wreath each neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;
And one was of th' Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief:

Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the eighty-second, seventy-fifth, and eighty-third, in Barnes.

And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little fragrant chaplets spread;] Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtezan, who in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance resembles very much the subject of one of the *tensons* of Savari de Mauléon, a troubadour. See L'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A Hebe, of celestial shape,
Pour'd the rich droppings of the grape!

ODE LXX.

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire:
In mirthful measures warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

Compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephæstion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80th.

ODE LXXI.

With twenty chords my lyre is hung,
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O maiden, wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind,
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

This I have formed from the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth of Barnes's edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

The nursling fawn, that in some shade
Its antler'd mother leaves behind, &c.] In the original:—

Ὡς ἐν ὑλῃ κεροεσσης
Απολειφθεις ὑπο μητρος.

"Horned" here, undoubtedly, seems a strange epithet; Madame Dacier however observes, that Sophocles, Callimachus, &c. have all applied it in the very same manner, and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a license of the poet, "jussit habere puellam cornua."

ODE LXXII.

Fare thee well, perfidious maid,
My soul, too long on earth delay'd,
Delay'd, perfidious girl, by thee,
Is on the wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceas'd to love me here!

This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the eighty-seventh in Barnes.

ODE LXXIII.

Awhile I bloom'd, a happy flower,
Till Love approach'd one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then lost I fell, like some poor willow
That falls across the wintry billow!

This is to be found in Hephæstion, and is the eighty-ninth of Barnes's edition.

I have omitted, from among these scraps, a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, Ξανθη δ' Ευρυπυλη μελει, &c. which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the ninety-first in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, "nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi." It is in a style of gross satire, and abounds with expressions that never could be gracefully translated.

ODE LXXIV.

Monarch Love, resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,
And nymphs, whose eyes have Heaven's hue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, glowing with entreaty, rise,
That thou wilt whisper to the breast
Of her I love thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee,
That lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learn'd that lesson well!

A fragment preserved by Dion Chrysostom. Orat. ii. de Regno. See Barnes, 93.

ODE LXXV.

Spirit of Love, whose locks unroll'd,
Stream on the breeze like floating gold;
Come, within a fragrant cloud
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;

This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101.), is supposed, on the authority of Chamæleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. "Mais par malheur (as Bayle says), Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacréon." — *Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett.* tom. ii. de Novembre, 1684. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon: —

Κεινον, ω χρυσοθρονε Μουσ' ενισπες
Υμνον, εκ της καλλιγυναικος εσθλας
Τηϊος χωρας ὁν αειδε τερπνως
Πρεσβυς αγανος.

Oh Muse! who sit'st on golden throne
Full many a hymn of witching tone
The Teian sage is taught by thee;
But, Goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
He lately learn'd and sung for me.

And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh, waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The lovely Lesbian mocks my woe;
Smiles at the chill and hoary hues,
That time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms,
In store for younger, happier arms!

ODE LXXVI.

Hither, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold;
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

Formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's Poetics.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his Poetics, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

ODE LXXVII.

Would that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnish'd ivory fair,
Which, in the Dionysian choir,
Some blooming boy should bear!

Would that I were a golden vase,
That some bright nymph might hold
My spotless frame, with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

This is generally inserted among the remains of Alcæus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's twenty-second ode, and the notes.

ODE LXXVIII.

When Cupid sees how thickly now,
The snows of Time fall o'er my brow,
Upon his wing of golden light,
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And flitting onward seems to say,
"Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!"

See Barnes, 173d. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his short essay on the Gallic Hercules.

Cupid, whose lamp has lent the ray,
That lights our life's meandering way,
That God, within this bosom stealing,
Hath waken'd a strange, mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though so sadly teasing,
And teases, though so sweetly pleasing!

Barnes, 125th. This is in Scaliger's Poetics. Gail has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

Let me resign this wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To soothe my misery!

This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes (69th), who has arranged the metre of it very skilfully.

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure—
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

Barnes, 72d. This fragment, which is found in Athenæus, contains an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassion'd care;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!

Found in Hephæstion (see Barnes, 95th), and reminds one somewhat of the following: —

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior. Carm. 53.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die.
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.

From dread Leucadia's frowning steep,
I'll plunge into the whitening deep:
And there lie cold, to death resign'd,
Since Love intoxicates my mind!

This is also in Hephæstion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem, in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123d of Barnes.

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer — Love and I
Shall no more the contest try.
Here — upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

Collected by Barnes, from Demetrius Phalareus and Eustathius, and subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers, which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant; — happy if it could be said of the garland which they form, Το δ' ωζ' Ανακρεοντος.

Among the Epigrams of the Anthologia, are found some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a sort of Coronis to this work. But I found upon consideration, that they wanted variety; and that a frequent recurrence, in them, of the same thought, would render a collection of such poems uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, selected from the number, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those ancient tributes to the fame of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but designing originally a translation of all that are extant on the subject, I endeavoured to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

ΑΝΤΙΠΑΤΡΟΥ ΣΙΔΩΝΙΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΑ.

Θαλλοι τετρακορυμβος, Ανακρεον, αμφι σε κισσος
ἁβρα τε λειμωνων πορφυρεων πεταλα·
πηγαι δ' αργινοεντος αναθλιβοιντο γαλακτος,
ευωδες δ' απο γης ἡδυ χεοιτο μεθυ,
οφρα κε τοι σποδιη τε και οστεα τερψιν αρηται,
ει δε τις φθιμενοις χριμπτεται ευφροσυνα,
ω το φιλον στερξας, φιλε, βαρβιτον, ω συν αοιδα
παντα διαπλωσας και συν ερωτι βιον.

Around the tomb, oh, bard divine!
Where soft thy hallow'd brow reposes,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And summer spread her waste of roses!

And there shall many a fount distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;
But wine shall be each purple rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him, whom Nature taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his tenderest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest measure,—

Thus, after death, if shades can feel,
Thou may'st, from odours round thee streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

Antipater Sidonius, the author of this epigram, lived, according to Vossius, de Poetis Græcis, in the second year of the 169th Olympiad. He appears, from what Cicero and Quintilian have said of him, to have been a kind of improvisatore. See Institut. Orat. lib. x. cap. 7. There is nothing more known respecting this poet, except some particulars about his illness and death, which are mentioned as curious by Pliny and others; — and there remain of his works but a few epigrams in the Anthologia, among which are found these inscriptions upon Anacreon. These remains have been sometimes imputed to another poet* of the same name, of whom Vossius gives us the following account: — "Antipater Thessalonicensis vixit tempore Augusti Cæsaris, ut qui saltantem viderit Pyladem, sicut constat ex quodam ejus epigrammate Ανθολογιας, lib. iv. tit. εις ορχεστριδας. At eum ac Bathyllum primos fuisse pantomimos ac sub Augusto claruisse, satis notum ex Dione, &c. &c."

The reader, who thinks it worth observing, may find a

* Pleraque tamen Thessalonicensi tribuenda videntur. — *Brunck, Lectiones et Emendat.*

strange oversight in Hoffman's quotation of this article from Vossius, Lexic. Univers. By the omission of a sentence he has made Vossius assert that the poet Antipater was one of the first pantomime dancers in Rome.

Barnes, upon the epigram before us, mentions a version of it by Brodæus, which is not to be found in that commentator; but he more than once confounds Brodæus with another annotator on the Anthologia, Vincentius Obsopœus, who has given a translation of the epigram.

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

ΤΥΜΒΟΣ Ανακρειοντος. ὁ Τηϊος ενθαδε κυκνος
Εὐδει, χὴ παιδων ζωροτατη μανιη.
Ακμην λειριοεντι μελιζεται αμφι Βαθυλλω
Ἱμερα· και κισσου λευκος οδωδε λιθος.
Ουδ' Αϊδης σοι ερωτας απεσβεσεν, εν δ' Αχεροντος
Ων, ὁλος ωδινεις Κυπριδι θερμοτερη.

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied shade;
Here mute in death the Teian swan is laid.
Cold, cold that heart, which while on earth it dwelt
All the sweet frenzy of love's passion felt.

———*the Teian swan is laid.*] Thus Horace of Pindar:—

Multa Dircæum levat aura cycnum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet. Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by another of his eulogists.

Εν τοις μελιχροις Ἱμεροισι συντροφον
Λυαιος Ανακρεοντα, Τηϊον κυκνον,
Εσφηλας ὑγρη νεκταρος μεληδονη.

Ευγενους, Ανθολογ.

And yet, oh Bard! thou art not mute in death,
Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;

God of the grape! thou hast betray'd
In wine's bewildering dream,
The fairest swan that ever play'd
Along the Muse's stream! —
The Teian, nurs'd with all those honey'd boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipp'd Joys!

Still do we catch thy lyre's luxurious breath;] Thus Simonides, speaking of our poet: —

Μολπης δ' ου ληθη μελιτερπεος αλλ' ετι κεινο
Βαρβιτον ουδε θανων ευνασεν ειν αϊδη.
Σιμονιδου, Ανθολογ.

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,
Though dark within the tomb he lies;
But living still, his amorous lute
With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled "divine," though Le Fevre, in his Poëtes Grecs, supposes that the epigrams under his name are all falsely imputed. The most considerable of his remains is a satirical poem upon women, preserved by Stobæus, ψογος γυναικων.

We may judge from the lines I have just quoted, and the import of the epigram before us, that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the times of Simonides and Antipater. Obsopœus, the commentator here, appears to exult in their destruction, and telling us they were burned by the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, "nec sane id necquicquam fecerunt," attributing to this outrage an effect which it could not possibly have produced.

And still thy songs of soft Bathylla bloom,
Green as the ivy round thy mouldering tomb.
Nor yet has death obscur'd thy fire of love,
For still it lights thee through the Elysian grove;
Where dreams are thine, that bless th' elect alone,
And Venus calls thee even in death her own!

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

Ξεινε, ταφον παρα λιτον Ανακρειοντος αμειβων,
Ει τι τοι εκ βιβλων ηλθεν εμων οφελος,
Σπεισον εμη σποδιη, σπεισον γανος, οφρα κεν οινω
Οστεα γηθησε ταμα νοτιζομενα,
Ὡς ὁ Διονυσου μεμελημενος ουασι κωμος,
Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητου συντροφος ἁρμονιης,
Μηδε καταφθιμενος Βακχου διχα τουτον ὑποισω
Τον γενεη μεροπων χωρον οφειλομενον.

Oh stranger! if Anacreon's shell
Has ever taught thy heart to swell
With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,

The spirit of Anacreon is supposed to utter these verses from the tomb, — somewhat "mutatus ab illo," at least in simplicity of expression.

——— *if Anacreon's shell*
Has ever taught thy heart to swell, &c.] We may guess from the words εκ βιβλων εμων, that Anacreon was not merely a

And drop thy goblet's richest tear
In tenderest libation here!

writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these Mr. Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast: —

Aussi c'est pour cela que la posterité
L'a toujours justement d'age en age chanté
Comme un franc goguenard, ami de goinfrerie,
Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie.

See the verses prefixed to his Poëtes Grecs. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium: —

ΕΙΣ ΑΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΑΝΔΡΙΑΝΤΑ.

Θασαι τον ανδριαντα τουτον, ω ξενε,
σπουδα, και λεγ', επαν ες οικον ενθης·
Ανακρεοντος εικον' ειδον εν Τεω,
των προσθ' ει τι περισσον ωδοποιων.
προσθεις δε χώτι τοις νεοισιν ἁδετο,
ερεις ατρεκεως ολον τον ανδρα.

Upon the Statue of Anacreon.

Stranger! who near this statue chance to roam,
Let it awhile your studious eyes engage;
That you may say, returning to your home,
"I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page."
Then, if you add, "That striplings lov'd him well,"
You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

I have endeavoured to do justice to the simplicity of this inscription by rendering it as literally, I believe, as a verse translation will allow.

So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
With visions of enjoyment still.
Not even in death can I resign
The festal joys that once were mine,
When Harmony pursu'd my ways,
And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays.
Oh! if delight could charm no more,
If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
When fate had once our doom decreed,
Then dying would be death indeed;
Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
Divinity itself divine!

And drop thy goblet's richest tear, &c.] Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet: —

Και μιν αει τεγγοι νοτερη δροσος, ἡς ὁ γεραιος
Λαροτερον μαλακων επνεεν εκ στοματων.

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreath'd,
Drop all their treasures on his head,
Whose lips a dew of sweetness breath'd,
Richer than vine hath ever shed!

And Bacchus wanton'd to my lays, &c.] The original here is corrupted, the line ὡς ὁ Διονυσου, &c. is unintelligible.

Brunck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus: —

ὡς ὁ Διωνυσοιο λελασμενος ουποτε κωμων.

See Brunck, Analecta Veter. Poet. Græc. vol. ii.

ΤΟΥ ΑΥΤΟΥ, ΕΙΣ ΤΟΝ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

Ευδεις εν φθιμενοισιν, Ανακρεον, εσθλα πονησας
εὐδει δ' ἡ γλυκερη νυκτιλαλος κιθαρα,
εὐδει και Σμερδις, το Ποθων εαρ, ὡ συ μελισδων,
βαρβιτ', ανεκρουου νεκταρ εναρμονιον.
ηϊθεων γαρ Ερωτος εφυς σκοπος· ες δε σε μουνον
τοξα τε και σκολιας ειχεν ἐκηβολιας.

At length thy golden hours have wing'd their flight,
And drowsy death that eyelid steepeth;
Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night,
Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth!

Thy harp, that whisper'd through each lingering night, &c.] In another of these poems, "the nightly-speaking lyre" of the bard is represented as not yet silent even after his death.

ὡς ὁ φιλακρητος τε και οινοβαρης φιλοκωμος
παννυχιος κρουοι * την φιλοπαιδα χελυν.
Σιμωνιδου, εις Ανακρεοντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
To joys he lov'd on earth so well,
Still shall his spirit, all the night,
Attune the wild, aërial shell!

* Brunck has κρουων; but κρουοι, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

She too, for whom that harp profusely shed
The purest nectar of its numbers,
She, the young spring of thy desires, hath fled,
And with her blest Anacreon slumbers!

She, the young spring of thy desires, &c.] The original, το Ποθων εαρ, is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress Eurypyle would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater.

ὑγρα δε δερκομενοισιν εν ομμασιν ουλον αειδοις,
αιθυσσων λιπαρης ανθος ὑπερθε κομης,
ηε προς Ευρυπυλην τετραμμενος . . . .

Long may the nymph around thee play,
Eurypyle, thy soul's desire,
Basking her beauties in the ray
That lights thine eyes' dissolving fire!

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
Her every grace that warms and blesses;
Sing of her brows' luxuriant flower,
The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, *ανθος κομης*, "the flower of the hair," is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus: Απεκειρας δ' ἁπαλης αμομον ανθος.

The purest nectar of its numbers, &c.] Thus, says Brunck, in the prologue to the Satires of Persius: —

Cantare credas Pegaseium nectar.

"Melos" is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it; but "nectar" is, I think, much more spirited.

Farewell! thou had'st a pulse for every dart
That mighty Love could scatter from his quiver;
And each new beauty found in thee a heart,
Which thou, with all thy heart and soul, didst give her!

Farewell! thou had'st a pulse for every dart, &c.] εφυς σκοπος, "scopus cras naturâ," not "speculator," as Barnes very falsely interprets it.

Vincentius Obsopœus, upon this passage, contrives to indulge us with a little astrological wisdom, and talks in a style of learned scandal about Venus, "male posita cum Marte in domo Saturni."

And each new beauty found in thee a heart, &c.] This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Τον δε γυνακειων μελεων πλεξαντα ποτ' ωδας,
'Ηδυν Ανακρειοντα *, Τεως εις 'Ελλαδ' ανηγεν,
Συμποσιων ερεθισμα, γυναικων ηπεροπευμα.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving.
When in nightly banquets sporting,
Where's the guest could ever fly him?
When with love's seduction courting,
Where's the nymph could e'er deny him?

* Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard:—
Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

JUVENILE POEMS.

PREFACE,

BY

THE EDITOR.*

The Poems which I take the liberty of publishing, were never intended by the author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates; all these peculiarities must be

* A portion of the Poems included in this and the succeeding volume were published originally as the works of "the late Thomas Little," with the Preface here given prefixed to them.

known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented the author himself from submitting these trifles to the eye of dispassionate criticism: and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. Little died in his one and twentieth year; and most of these Poems were written at so early a period that their errors may lay claim to some indulgence from the critic. Their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; but, in general, wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which per-

vades so many of them. The "aurea legge, s'ei piace ei lice," he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. LITTLE gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment, and variety of fancy, which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style; Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was even in his own times pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics should have preferred him to

the gentle and touching Tibullus; but those defects, I believe, which a common reader condemns, have been regarded rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators; who find a field for their ingenuity and research, in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, "Tunc veniam subito *," &c. is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of "nec te posse carere velim," however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural, and from the heart. But the poet of Verona, in my opinion, possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this

* Lib. i. Eleg. 3.

depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses. But still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches the chord of pathos, he reaches immediately the heart. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent will confess the beauty of those simple unaffected lines: —

> O quid solutis est beatius curis!
> Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
> Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
> Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
>
> *Carm.* xxix.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poesy; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathise with him. I wish I were a poet; I should then endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I have always so warmly admired.*

* In the following Poems, will be found a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a mere schoolboy's essay, and deserves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorise the epithet "doctus," so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered his other writings to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still, it must be confessed, in the midst of all these beauties,

—— Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.*

It has often been remarked, that the ancients

* Lucretius.

knew nothing of gallantry; and we are sometimes told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle thus with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were any thing more constant than the moderns: they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Wotton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such refinements. But he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which have nothing congenial with the graceful levity, the "grata protervitas," of a Rochester or a Sedley.

As far as I can judge, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. LITTLE selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity ("ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas") was his fondest ambition. He could not have

aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment *; and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. LITTLE was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents, are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well

* It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the Ramblers of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow production of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

T. M.

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

My dear Sir,

I feel a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend Little's Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose; but, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment; and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:

> Non possunt nostros multæ, Faustine, lituræ
> Emendare jocos; una litura potest.

I am convinced, however, that, though not quite a *casuiste relâché*, you have charity

enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know that the pious Beza was not the less revered for those sportive *Juvenilia* which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bembo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear friend,
With the truest esteem,
Yours,
T. M.

JUVENILE POEMS.

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus. Juv.

Mark those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew?
The genuine virtues that with eagle-gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze!

Where is the heart by chymic truth refin'd,
Th' exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind?
Where are the links that twin'd, with heav'nly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart?

* * * * *

Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur spes.—Livy.

* * * * *

Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approv'd by Heav'n, ordain'd by nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumb'ring babes, or innocence in death;
And urgent as the tongue of Heav'n within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat;
Along the heart's responding chords should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one!

VARIETY.

Ask what prevailing, pleasing power
  Allures the sportive, wandering bee
To roam, untired, from flower to flower,
  He'll tell you, 'tis variety.

Look Nature round, her features trace,
  Her seasons, all her changes see;
And own, upon Creation's face,
  The greatest charm's variety.

For me, ye gracious powers above!
  Still let me roam, unfix'd and free;
In all things, — but the nymph I love,
  I'll change, and taste variety.

But, Patty, not a world of charms
  Could e'er estrange my heart from thee; —
No, let me ever seek those arms,
  There still I'll find variety.

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
To rove through Erudition's bowers,
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this,
To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth;
With this idea toil is lighter;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter.

The little gift we send thee, boy,
  May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
If indolence or siren joy
  Should ever tempt that soul to wander.

'Twill tell thee that the winged day
  Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour;
That life and time shall fade away,
  While heav'n and virtue bloom for ever!

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow,
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now
The very next glance would undo.

Those babies that nestle so sly
Such thousands of arrows have got,
That an oath, on the glance of an eye
Such as yours, may be off in a shot.

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath when I choose.

Or a sigh may disperse from that flow'r
Both the dew and the oath that are there;
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To lose them so sweetly in air.

But clear up the heav'n of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they both must be broken together!

TO .....

Remember him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tend'rest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh! I had long in freedom rov'd,
Though many seem'd my soul to share;
'Twas passion when I thought I lov'd,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

Ev'n she, my muse's early theme,
Beguil'd me only while she warm'd;
'Twas young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion form'd.

But thou—ah! better had it been
If I had still in freedom rov'd,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have lov'd.

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to this heart been known;
But then, the joys that lovers steal,
Should *they* have ever been my own?

Oh! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy.

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prison'd now,
For the most light and winged heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my belov'd! still keep in mind,
However far remov'd from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee!

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care,
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no! that heart is only mine
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love.

SONG.

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew.
Then, Julia, when thy beauty's flow'r
Shall feel the wintry air,
Remembrance will recall the hour
When thou alone wert fair.
Then talk no more of future gloom;
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
I drink to Love and thee:
Thou never canst decay in soul,
Thou'lt still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drop chase,
Which on my cheek they find,

So hope shall steal away the trace
That sorrow leaves behind.
Then fill the bowl—away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope shall brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

But mark, at thought of future years
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chloe drops her timid tears,
They mingle with my bowl.
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet;
Though tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet.
Then fill the cup — away with gloom!
Our joys shall always last;
For Hope will brighten days to come,
And Mem'ry gild the past.

SONG.

HAVE you not seen the timid tear,
Steal trembling from mine eye?
Have you not mark'd the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmur'd sigh?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fix'd on you alone?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own?

To you my soul's affections move,
Devoutly, warmly true;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith be o'er,
If still my truth you'll try;
Alas, I know but *one* proof more—
I'll bless your name, and die!

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness that hung upon Willumberg's walls
Had long been remember'd with awe and dismay;
For years not a sunbeam had play'd in its halls,
And it seem'd as shut out from the regions of day.

Though the valleys were brighten'd by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of that castle illume;
And the lightning, which flash'd on the neighbouring stream,
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom!

"Oh! when shall this horrible darkness disperse!"
Said Willumberg's lord to the Seer of the Cave;—
"It can never dispel," said the wizard of verse,
"Till the bright star of chivalry sinks in the wave!"

And who was the bright star of chivalry then?
Who *could* be but Reuben, the flow'r of the age?

For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his young heart had beat, —
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flow'rs of the mountain and lawn.

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever?
Sad, sad were the words of the Seer of the Cave,
That darkness should cover that castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave!

To the wizard she flew, saying, "Tell me, oh, tell!
Shall my Reuben no more be restor'd to my eyes?"
"Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise!"

Twice, thrice he repeated "Your Reuben shall rise!"
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain;
And wip'd, while she listen'd, the tears from her eyes,
And hop'd she might yet see her hero again.

That hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose;
To the Oder he flew, and there, plunging beneath,
In the depth of the billows soon found his repose.—

How strangely the order of destiny falls!—
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg bask'd in the ray!

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank:
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love, on the wide river's bank.

Oft, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And heard but the breathings of night in the air;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she look'd at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glitter'd high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky;
Poor Rose, on the cold dewy margent reclin'd,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When—hark!—'twas the bell that came deep in the wind!

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide;
She knew 'twas her love, though his cheek was decay'd,
And his helmet of silver was wash'd by the tide.

Was this what the Seer of the Cave had foretold?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam;
'Twas Reuben, but, ah! he was deathly and cold,
And fleeted away like the spell of a dream!

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but vain her endeavour!
Then, plunging beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever!

DID NOT.

'Twas a new feeling — something more
Than we had dared to own before,
Which then we hid not;
We saw it in each other's eye,
And wish'd, in every half-breath'd sigh,
To speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassion'd touch —
'Twas the first time I dared so much,
And yet she chid not;
But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
"Oh! do you doubt I love you now?"
Sweet soul! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
I press'd it closer, closer still,
Though gently bid not;
Till — oh! the world hath seldom heard
Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
And yet, who did not.

TO

. . . . . .

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
At once put my heart out of pain;
Till the eye, that was glowing beside it,
Disturb'd my ideas again.

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
When woman's declension begins;
When, fading from all that is pleasant,
She bids a good night to her sins.

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
Repose in the sunset of thee,
Than bask in the noon of another.

TO

MRS. . . . . .

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
Is not that heart a heart refin'd?
Hast thou not every gentle grace,
We love in woman's mind and face?
And, oh! art *thou* a shrine for Sin
To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy — dry that tear —
Though some thy heart hath harbour'd near,
May now repay its love with blame;
Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
Ungenerous man, be first to shun thee;
Though all the world look cold upon thee,
Yet shall thy pureness keep thee still
Unharm'd by that surrounding chill;

Like the famed drop, in crystal found,*
Floating, while all was froz'n around, —
Unchill'd, unchanging shalt thou be,
Safe in thy own sweet purity.

* This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left us some very elaborate epigrams. It was a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal. See Claudian. Epigram. "de Crystallo cui aqua inerat." Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan; and adds, "It is such a rarity as this that I saw at Vendome in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it into a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen." — *Addison's Remarks on several Parts of Italy.*

ANACREONTIC.

—— in *lachrymas* verterat omne merum.
TIB. lib. i. eleg. 5.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple show'r;
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.

Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine!
Heav'n grant no tears, but tears of wine.
Weep on; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

TO

. . . . . .

When I lov'd you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you was pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

Why, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool.
Oh! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please th' elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—
If some fond feeling maid like thee,
The warm-ey'd child of Sympathy,
Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
She languishes in Passion's dream,
" He was, indeed, a tender soul—
" No critic law, no chill control,
" Should ever freeze, by timid art,
" The flowings of so fond a heart!"
Yes, soul of Nature! soul of Love!
That, hov'ring like a snow-wing'd dove,

Breath'd o'er my cradle warblings wild,
And hail'd me Passion's warmest child,—
Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
From Feeling's breast the votive sigh;
Oh! let my song, my mem'ry, find
A shrine within the tender mind;
And I will smile when critics chide,
And I will scorn the fume of pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour round some stagnant pool!

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with Love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet:
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
Far dearer were than passion's bland deceit!

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare;
Your heart was only mine, I once believ'd.
Ah! shall I say that all your vows were air?
And *must* I say, my hopes were all deceiv'd?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twin'd,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal;
Julia! — 'tis pity, pity makes you kind;
You know I love, and you would *seem* to feel.

But shall I still go seek within those arms
A joy in which affection takes no part?
No, no, farewell! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

THE SHRINE.

TO .....

My fates had destin'd me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love;
And many an altar on my way
Has lur'd my pious steps to stay;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turn'd and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require:
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be profane indeed!
But, trust me, all this young devotion
Was but to keep my zeal in motion;
And, ev'ry humbler altar past,
I now have reach'd THE SHRINE at last!

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

When, casting many a look behind,
I leave the friends I cherish here —
Perchance some other friends to find,
But surely finding none so dear —

Haply the little simple page,
Which votive thus I've trac'd for thee,
May now and then a look engage,
And steal one moment's thought for me.

But, oh! in pity let not those
Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
Let not the eye that seldom flows
With feeling's tear, my song behold.

For, trust me, they who never melt
With pity, never melt with love;
And such will frown at all I've felt,
And all my loving lays reprove.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name;

Tell him — or, oh! if, gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest:
For, where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast? —

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar;

That Glory oft would claim the lay,
And Friendship oft his numbers move;
But whisper then, that, "sooth to say,
"His sweetest song was giv'n to Love!"

TO JULIA.

Though Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
Our souls it cannot, shall not sever;
The heart will seek its kindred heart,
And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed?
Is all our dream of rapture over?
And does not Julia's bosom bleed
To leave so dear, so fond a lover?

Does *she* too mourn? — Perhaps she may;
Perhaps she mourns our bliss so fleeting:
But why is Julia's eye so gay,
If Julia's heart like mine is beating?

I oft have lov'd that sunny glow
Of gladness in her blue eye gleaming —
But can the bosom bleed with woe,
While joy is in the glances beaming?

No, no! — Yet, love, I will not chide;
Although your heart *were* fond of roving,
Nor that, nor all the world beside
Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
Oh! then it will be sweet to die,
When life has lost its only blessing!

TO .....

Sweet lady, look not thus again:
Those bright deluding smiles recall
A maid remember'd now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart bewilder'd took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she smile, and lisp, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her — wildly love —
She was her sex's best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove —
And I was destin'd to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of one whose smile could thus betray;
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again could steal my heart away.

For, when those spells that charm'd my mind,
On lips so pure as thine I see,
I fear the heart which she resign'd
Will err again, and fly to thee!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

In vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crooked mouth, or short proboscis;
Boobies have look'd as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagirite:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peep'd through windows dark and dull.
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man,
Nor (howsoe'er "learn'd Thebans" doubt)
The inward woman, from without,
Methinks 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pithy, short descriptions write,
On tablets large, in black and white,

Which she might hang about our throttles.
Like labels upon physic-bottles;
And where all men might read — but stay —
As dialectic sages say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not portray'd, in lines so fair,
The inward soul of Lucy L-nd-n,
This is the label she'd have pinn'd on.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this form there lies enshrin'd
The purest, brightest gem of mind.
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veil'd,
Shall be but mellow'd, not conceal'd.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words — at least suppose so —
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I compos'd the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forc'd to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning;
And when I saw the void behind,
I fill'd it up with — froth and wind!

* * * * *

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

When Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flow'rs were all gather'd in heaven.

And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new;
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And Sympathy nurse it with dew.

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
  Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile, —
  Then murmuring subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
  Rises on time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
  Thus melts into eternity!

CLORIS AND FANNY.

Cloris! if I were Persia's king,
I'd make my graceful queen of thee;
While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
Should but thy humble handmaid be.

There is but *one* objection in it —
That, verily, I'm much afraid
I should, in some unlucky minute,
Forsake the mistress for the maid.

THE SHIELD.

Say, did you not hear a voice of death!
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silvery mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it the wailing bird of the gloom,
That shrieks on the house of woe all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung on the blast;
'Twas the shade of Helderic — man of blood —
It screams for the guilt of days that are past.

See, how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death.

That shield is blushing with murderous stains;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and wash'd by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light;
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

TO JULIA,

WEEPING.

Oh! if your tears are giv'n to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair!
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's vision'd fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still.

DREAMS.

TO

. . . .

In slumber, I prithee how is it
That souls are oft taking the air,
And paying each other a visit,
While bodies are heaven knows where?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
Your Soul took a fancy to roam,
For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
And they talk'd and they laugh'd the time through;
For, when souls come together at night,
There is no saying what they mayn't do!

And *your* little Soul, heaven bless her!
Had much to complain and to say,
Of how sadly you wrong and oppress her
By keeping her prison'd all day.

"If I happen," said she, "but to steal
"For a peep now and then to her eye,
"Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
"Just venture abroad on a sigh;

"In an instant she frightens me in
"With some phantom of prudence or terror,
"For fear I should stray into sin,
"Or, what is still worse, into error!

"So, instead of displaying my graces,
"By daylight, in language and mien,
"I am shut up in corners and places,
"Where truly I blush to be seen!"

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My Soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declar'd, as for grace and discretion,
He did not know much of the matter;

"But, to-morrow, sweet Spirit!" he said,
"Be at home after midnight, and then
"I will come when your lady's in bed,
"And we'll talk o'er the subject again."

So she whisper'd a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And, just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little Soul may expect him.

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew;
And when the shrining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too.

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay;
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of with'ring pain or pale decay.

And surely, when the touch of Death
Dissolves the spirit's earthly ties,
Love still attends th' immortal breath,
And makes it purer for the skies!

Oh Rosa, when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love which form'd its treasure here,
Shall be its *best* of treasures then!

And as, in fabled dreams of old,
Some air-born genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that roll'd,
And track'd it through its path sublime;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray;
Thy lover's shade, to thee still wed,
Shall linger round thy earthly way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And play around each starry gem;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them.

And when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free,
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity!

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Is fair — but oh, how fair,
If Pity's hand had stol'n from Love
One leaf to mingle there!

If every rose with gold were tied,
Did gems for dewdrops fall,
One faded leaf where Love had sigh'd
Were sweetly worth them all.

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
Our emblem well may be;
Its bloom is yours, but hopeless Love
Must keep its tears for me.

THE SALE OF LOVES.

I DREAMT that, in the Paphian groves,
My nets by moonlight laying,
I caught a flight of wanton Loves,
Among the rose-beds playing.
Some just had left their silv'ry shell,
While some were full in feather;
So pretty a lot of Loves to sell,
Were never yet strung together.
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses! —
They're new and bright,
The cost is light,
For the coin of this isle is kisses.

First Cloris came, with looks sedate,
The coin on her lips was ready;
"I buy," quoth she, "my Love by weight,
"Full grown, if you please, and steady."

"Let mine be light," said Fanny, "pray—
"Such lasting toys undo one;
"A light little Love that will last to day,—
"To-morrow I'll sport a new one."
Come buy my Loves,
Come buy my Loves,
Ye dames and rose-lipp'd misses!—
There's some will keep,
Some light and cheap,
At from ten to twenty kisses.

The learned Prue took a pert young thing,
To divert her virgin Muse with,
And pluck sometimes a quill from his wing,
To indite her billet-doux with.
Poor Cloe would give for a well-fledg'd pair
Her only eye, if you'd ask it;
And Tabitha begg'd, old toothless fair,
For the youngest Love in the basket.
Come buy my Loves, &c. &c.

But *one* was left, when Susan came,
One worth them all together;

At sight of her dear looks of shame,
He smiled, and pruned his feather.
She wish'd the boy—'twas more than whim—
Her looks, her sighs betray'd it;
But kisses were not enough for him,
I ask'd a heart, and she paid it!
Good-by, my Loves,
Good-by, my Loves,
'Twould make you smile to've seen us
First trade for this
Sweet child of bliss,
And then nurse the boy between us.

TO

. . . . . .

THE world had just begun to stea.
Each hope that led me lightly on;
I felt not, as I us'd to feel,
And life grew dark and love was gone.

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
No circling arms to draw me near —
'Twas gloomy, and I wish'd for death.

But when I saw that gentle eye,
Oh! something seem'd to tell me then.
That I was yet too young to die,
And hope and bliss might bloom again.

With every gentle smile that crost
Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
Some feeling, which my heart had lost,
And peace, which far had learn'd to roam.

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
Hope look'd so new and Love so kind,
That, though I mourn, I yet forgive
The ruin they have left behind.

I could have lov'd you — oh, so well! —
The dream, that wishing boyhood knows,
Is but a bright, beguiling spell,
That only lives while passion glows:

But, when this early flush declines,
When the heart's sunny morning fleets,
You know not then how close it twines
Round the first kindred soul it meets.

Yes, yes, I could have lov'd, as one
Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
Finds something dear to rest upon,
Which pays him for the loss of all.

TO

. . . . . .

Never mind how the pedagogue proses,
You want not antiquity's stamp;
A lip, that such fragrance discloses,
Oh! never should smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kiss
Hath long set the Loves at defiance,
Now, done with the science of bliss,
May take to the blisses of science.

But for *you* to be buried in books —
Ah, Fanny, they're pitiful sages,
Who could not in *one* of your looks
Read more than in millions of pages.

Astronomy finds in those eyes
Better light than she studies above;
And Music would borrow your sighs
As the melody fittest for Love.

Your Arithmetic only can trip
If to count your own charms you endeavour;
And Eloquence glows on your lip
When you swear, that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see, what a brilliant alliance
Of arts is assembled in you; —
A course of more exquisite science
Man never need wish to pursue.

And, oh! — if a Fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts!

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY.

Sweet spirit! if thy airy sleep
Nor sees my tears nor hears my sighs,
Then will I weep, in anguish weep,
Till the last heart's drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
And mingles in our misery;
Then, then my breaking heart I'll seal —
Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me.

The beam of morn was on the stream,
But sullen clouds the day deform:
Like thee was that young, orient beam,
Like death, alas, that sullen storm!

Thou wert not form'd for living here,
So link'd thy soul was with the sky;
Yet, ah, we held thee all so dear,
We thought thou wert not form'd to die.

INCONSTANCY.

And do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
When surely there's nothing in nature more common?
She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me —
And could I expect any more from a woman?

Oh, woman! your heart is a pitiful treasure;
And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
When he held that you were but materials of pleasure,
And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid;
But, oh, while he's blest, let him die at the minute —
If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betray'd.

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

TO . . . . ,

THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dreamt I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smil'd;
And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flow'rs which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive-branch I bound thy head,
Heart's ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years;
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twin'd,
And dew'd by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
  Bade me to Nona's image pay;
And were it thus my fate to be
Thy little guardian deity,
  How blest around thy steps I'd play!

Thy life should glide in peace along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
  That's heard at distance in the grove;
No cloud should ever dim thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
  But all be beauty, peace, and love.

Indulgent Time should never bring
To thee one blight upon his wing,
  So gently o'er thy brow he'd fly;
And death itself should but be felt
Like that of daybeams, when they melt,
  Bright to the last, in evening's sky!

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA,

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart;
Though every day I've counted o'er
Hath brought a new and quick'ning smart
To wounds that rankled fresh before;

Though in my earliest life bereft
Of tender links by nature tied;
Though hope deceiv'd, and pleasure left;
Though friends betray'd and foes belied;

I still had hopes — for hope will stay
After the sunset of delight;
So like the star which ushers day,
We scarce can think it heralds night! —

I hop'd that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth —
Ah, why then was he torn away?

He should have stay'd, have linger'd here
To soothe his Julia's every woe;
He should have chas'd each bitter tear,
And not have caus'd those tears to flow.

We saw within his soul expand
The fruits of genius, nurs'd by taste;
While Science, with a fost'ring hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet plac'd.

We saw, by bright degrees, his mind
Grow rich in all that makes men dear;—
Enlighten'd, social, and refin'd,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we lov'd so well,
And such the hopes that fate denied;—
We lov'd, but ah! could scarcely tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died!

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twin'd with my very heart he grew;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too.

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS . . . . . ,

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

—Ego pars— VIRG.

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal;
But how comes it that you, such a capital prize,
Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A sixteenth, Heav'n knows! were sufficient for me;
For what could *I* do with the whole?

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart enkindled lay
On Cupid's burning shrine:
I thought he stole thy heart away,
And plac'd it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
Like ice before the sun;
Till both a glow congenial felt,
And mingled into one!

TO .....

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down *that* pathway rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

ANACREONTIC.

"SHE never look'd so kind before—
"Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
"I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
"'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!"

Thus I said and, sighing, drain'd
The cup which she so late had tasted;
Upon whose rim still fresh remain'd
The breath, so oft in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
As if 'twere not of her I sang;
But still the notes on Lamia hung—
On whom but Lamia *could* they hang?

Those eyes of hers, that floating shine,
Like diamonds in some Eastern river;
That kiss, for which, if worlds were mine,
A world for every kiss I'd give her.

That frame so delicate, yet warm'd
With flushes of love's genial hue;—
A mould transparent, as if form'd
To let the spirit's light shine through.

Of these I sung, and notes and words
Were sweet, as if the very air
From Lamia's lip hung o'er the chords,
And Lamia's voice still warbled there!

But when, alas, I turn'd the theme,
And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
Of truth and hope's seducing dream—
The chord beneath my finger broke.

False harp! false woman!—such, oh, such
Are lutes too frail and hearts too willing;
Any hand, whate'er its touch,
Can set their chords or pulses thrilling.

And when that thrill is most awake,
And when you think Heav'n's joys await you,
The nymph will change, the chord will break—
Oh Love, oh Music, how I hate you!

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever;
They seem'd in very being twin'd;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever!

Not so the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

HYMN

OF

A VIRGIN OF DELPHI,

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh, lost, for ever lost— no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day;
No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home.*

* The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions, they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find, in Pausanias, that this valley supplied the branches, of which the temple was originally constructed; and Plutarch says, in his Dialogue on Music, "The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute." Αλλα μην και τω κατακομιζοντι παιδι την Τεμπικην δαφνην εις Δελφους παρομαρτει αυλητης.

'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By nature warm'd and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a Deity.
Guide of my heart! still hovering round,
Thy looks, thy words are still my own—
I see thee raising from the ground
Some laurel, by the winds o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, " This humble bough
" Was planted for a doom divine;
" And, though it droop in languor now,
" Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
" Thus, in the vale of earthly sense,
" Though sunk awhile the spirit lies,
" A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
" To bloom immortal in the skies!"

All that the young should feel and know,
By thee was taught so sweetly well,
Thy words fell soft as vernal snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear,
Fond sharer of my infant joy,

Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
Oh yes—and, as in former days,
When, meeting on the sacred mount,
Our nymphs awak'd their choral lays,
And danc'd around Cassotis' fount;
As then, 'twas all thy wish and care,
That mine should be the simplest mien,
My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
My foot the lightest o'er the green:
So still, each look and step to mould,
Thy guardian care is round me spread,
Arranging every snowy fold,
And guiding every mazy tread.
And, when I lead the hymning choir,
Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
Hovers between my lip and lyre,
And weds them into harmony.
Flow, Plistus, flow, thy murmuring wave
Shall never drop its silv'ry tear
Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
To memory so entirely dear!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

—— sine me sit nulla Venus. SULPICIA.

OUR hearts, my love, were form'd to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy,
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Like chords in unison they move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How oft I've heard thee fondly say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving;
Since, now, to feel a joy *alone*
Were worse to thee than feeling none
So twinn'd are we in loving!

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Fond maid! it was her Lindor's tomb!

A warm tear gush'd, the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away:
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wand'ring from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

THE SNAKE.

My love and I, the other day,
Within a myrtle arbour lay,
When near us, from a rosy bed,
A little Snake put forth its head.

"See," said the maid with thoughtful eyes —
"Yonder the fatal emblem lies!
"Who could expect such hidden harm
"Beneath the rose's smiling charm?"

Never did grave remark occur
Less *à-propos* than this from her.

I rose to kill the snake, but she,
Half-smiling, pray'd it might not be.
"No," said the maiden — and, alas,
Her eyes spoke volumes, while she said it —
"Long as the snake is in the grass,
"One *may*, perhaps, have cause to dread it:

"But, when its wicked eyes appear,
"And when we know for what they wink so,
"One must be *very* simple, dear,
"To let it wound one — don't you think so?"

TO ROSA.

Is the song of Rosa mute?
Once such lays inspired her lute!
Never doth a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Is my Rosa's lute unstrung?
Once a tale of peace it sung
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then was he divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her lute neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent lute — forgotten lover —
Rosa's love and song are over!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

When wearied wretches sink to sleep,
How heavenly soft their slumbers lie!
How sweet is death to those who weep,
To those who weep and long to die!

Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
Where flowrets deck the green earth's breast?
'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest.

Oh, let not tears embalm my tomb, —
None but the dews at twilight given!
Oh, let not sighs disturb the gloom, —
None but the whispering winds of heaven!

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
SECUNDUS, eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove:
Where I love, I must not marry;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind;
Learned without affectation;
Not deceitful, yet refin'd;

Wise enough, but never rigid;
Gay, but not too lightly free;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid;
Fond, yet satisfied with me:

Were she all this ten times over,
All that heav'n to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving;
Summer garments suit him best;
Bliss itself is not worth having,
If we're by compulsion blest.

ANACREONTIC.

I FILL'D to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still.

At length I bid an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint,
To whom I quaff'd my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
Now blushes through the wave at me;
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee.

And still I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And — in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,
And may that eyelid never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine!

THE SURPRISE.

Chloris, I swear, by all I ever swore,
That from this hour I shall not love thee more. —
"What! love no more? Oh! why this alter'd vow?"
Because I *cannot* love thee *more* — than *now!*

TO MISS . . . . .,

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

I'LL ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy radiant eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips:

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That us'd to shade thy looks of light;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night?

And I will say — her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing!

And I will say — her cheeks that flush,
Like vernal roses in the sun,
Have ne'er by shame been taught to blush,
Except for what her eyes have done!

Then tell me, why, thou child of air!
Does slumber from her eyelids rove?
What is her heart's impassion'd care? —
Perhaps, oh sylph! perhaps, 'tis *love*.

THE WONDER.

Come, tell me where the maid is found,
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh,
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye!

And if her cheek be smooth and bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes.

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh, 'tis the utmost Heav'n can do!

LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajon divini. *Mauro d'Arcano.*

I DO confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breath'd you many a lie;
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two?

Nay, — look not thus, with brow reproving;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving.
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
This world would be in strange confusion.
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy must leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes.
Oh, no — believe me, lovely girl,
When nature turns your teeth to pearl,

Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your amber locks to golden wire,
Then, only then can Heaven decree,
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn,
We've swearing kist, and kissing sworn.

And now, my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear.
Whenever you may chance to meet
Some loving youth, whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours:
But, oh! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth.

ANACREONTIC.

Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear;
'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind:
But, truer than love's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flow'rs were cull'd at noon;—
Like woman's love the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon.
For though the flower's decay'd,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betray'd,
Its sweet life blooms no more.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

London:
Printed by A. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.